

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# MACLEAN'S

April 15, 1950

Ten Cents

## RENDEZVOUS IN RIGA

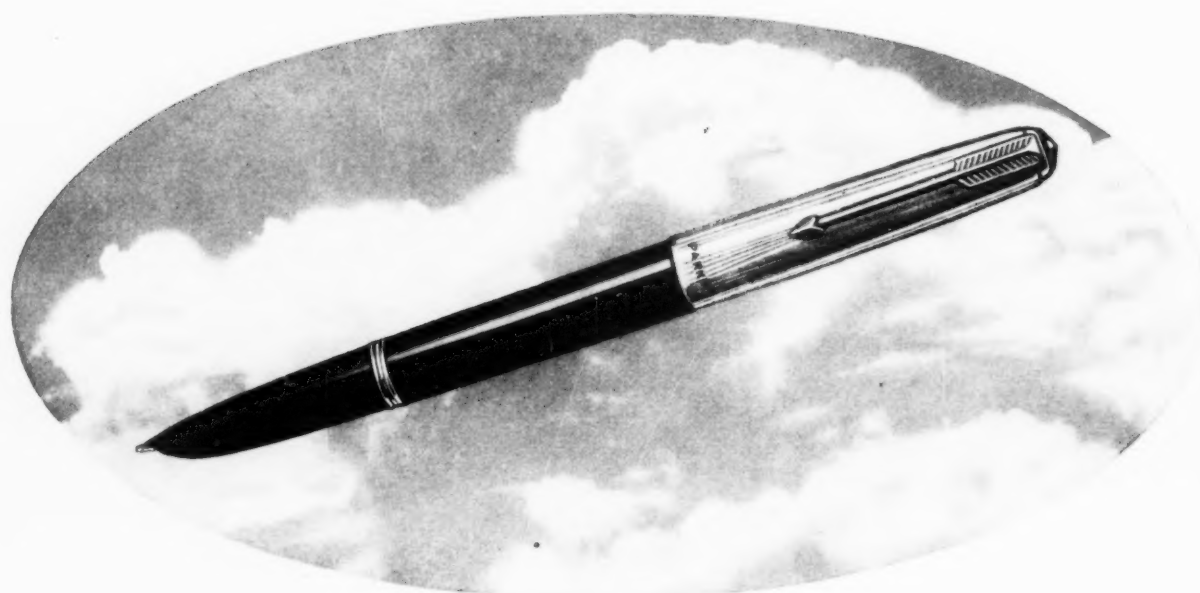
Beginning a story of love and adventure  
in Russia today, by Leslie Roberts

### *The Saskatchewan River*

I TRIED TO KILL MYSELF



# THE PEN YOU WILL BUY TOMORROW!



How Parker — world's pen authority—  
has importantly changed the approach  
to pen selection and preference

**T**OMORROW a considerable number of people will decide that they are going to buy a pen. These tomorrow's buyers will be aided by a sharper knowledge of what has happened to the thinking among a large group of pen owners.

In a multitude of minds over the past 15 years a *new attitude* has taken shape.

Today throughout Canada — throughout the world — there is a legion of men and women who look upon a Parker pen as an *investment*.

To regard a pen as an *investment* is something so significant you will want to consider that fact when starting out to buy.

## *An Investment — Why?*

A business woman dropped her Parker "51", damaging the point. To Parker she wrote: "*Its fine performance has made me rely upon it more and more . . . I will be lost without it and will certainly appreciate your best efforts to repair same as soon as possible.*"

Many letters, expressing this same sentiment, come to Parker every year.

Through these very human, simple and sincere messages we become spectators to a great drama.

It is the drama of men and women *at work*. And *Parker pens* intimately at work with them!

Thus, over the years, Parker has become a name—a symbol—for *helpfulness*. Genuine helpfulness to people in carrying forward their daily tasks, in making ambitious dreams become realities.

Investment? Of course!

At no greater annual cost than two or three evenings at the movies you can enjoy the NEW Aero-metric "51" as your working companion.

## *Together We Have Learned*

Nearly all quality pens being bought now in Canada are the NEW Parker "51"s. The reason for such a commanding preference is this—

— *the work-a-day duties of millions demand a trustworthy pen.*

— *respecting this need, and to serve this need, Parker has spent more time and money on scientific research than any other maker of pens anywhere in the world.*

As, year by year, Parker has learned of their desires and ideals directly from its pen owners, Parker has never failed to respond.

And now—at your favourite Parker dealer—you will find the greatest investment value in pens ever. Ever!

It's the NEW Aero-metric "51".

So beautiful to see! That's for your *pride*.

So beautiful in action doing your work! That's for your *practicality*.

So beautiful in its generous money's worth! That's for your *investment common sense*.

*If you guide yourself by the experience of millions of Parker Pen owners the NEW Aero-Metric "51" is the pen you will buy tomorrow!*

Gold Filled Cap, Pen \$17.50. Gold Filled Cap, Pencil \$9.00. Gold Filled Cap, Set \$26.50. Lustraloy Cap, Pen \$14.50. Lustraloy Cap, Pencil, \$7.00. Lustraloy Cap, Set \$21.50.

# Parker

**WORLD'S PEN AUTHORITY**

PARKER PEN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA





**DRY SKIN!** "I first used Noxzema when several of my friends recommended it for rough, dry skin," says vocal student Dodo Kinber of Montreal. "Now it's my regular morning beauty aid and night cream—as well as my hand cream."



**BLEMISHES!** "Before I started using Noxzema I was troubled with occasional blemishes," says lovely Rita Tennant of Vancouver. "That's why I've made it my daily powder base and night cream. I haven't found anything to equal Noxzema."

# LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK



**Dry skin!** "I had very dry skin," says Shirley Carter of Winnipeg. "But ever since I started using Noxzema I've had no more trouble with dry skin. I use it as my powder base every morning, and apply it just before retiring. It's so dainty to use because it's greaseless."



**Sensitive skin!** "I had dry, sensitive skin," says charming Vern Williams of Rockhaven, Sask. "I used Noxzema as my powder base and night cream. Now I'm never troubled with dry skin."

## Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine! Helps 4 out of 5 women in Clinical Tests!

● At one time or another, practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. So when you're bothered with dry, rough skin, annoying blemishes or similar complexion troubles... here's a brand new idea!

A noted skin specialist, using one cream—*medicated Noxzema*—has developed a New Home Beauty Routine that proved remarkably effective. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here is the specialist's 4 Simple Step Routine.

**Morning—1.** "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin *looks and feels*.

**2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of *greaseless Noxzema* as a powder base.

**Evening—3.** Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how clean it leaves your face.

**4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any

blemishes to help heal them. It's greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

After using Noxzema only a day or two—notice how the dead, dry cells on the surface of your skin start to flake off. Good! That's what you want! Try it yourself! See if you aren't thrilled to find your complexion looking softer, smoother, lovelier!

### Money-Back Offer

And remember—this home beauty routine was clinically tested by skin specialists! So sure are we that results will delight you, we make this sincere money back offer. Follow the specialist's New Home Facial for just 10 days. If you don't see a noticeable improvement—softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin—return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto, Canada—your money cheerfully refunded.

But you will be delighted! Try it and see why over 25,000,000 jars of Noxzema Skin Cream are sold yearly—why it's a favorite beauty cream of scores of actresses, models, professional women. Get your jar today—at your favorite drug or cosmetic counter. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, \$1.39.



**Rough, red hands** are no problem for lovely Jeanette Horpestad of Vancouver. She says, "I use Noxzema as my regular hand cream. And it's my morning and night face cream, as well."

### Softer, Whiter Hands —Often In 24 Hours

Whenever your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework—try *medicated Noxzema*. In clinical tests, 9 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter, lovelier-looking hands—in just 24 hours!

Keep a jar handy! Every time you finish the dishes, smooth Noxzema on your hands. Remember—it's the dainty, *greaseless* hand cream of scores of professional men and women in hospitals all over Canada. Get Noxzema Skin Cream—use it daily to help your hands and face look lovelier.

## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## EDITORIALS

## Good Intentions Can't Excuse Taking a Life

FOR A few dramatic days not long ago it seemed that a dozen New Hampshire farmers, businessmen and housewives were going to be compelled to answer a question that has troubled man's conscience almost as long as men have had the power to reason.

When, if ever, can a human being be killed for that human being's own good?

As it turned out the New Hampshire jury wasn't required to offer an opinion. The "mercy killing" trial of Dr. Hermann Sander did not, in fact, touch on the subject of mercy killings at all. Dr. Sander's defense against the charge of murdering a dying cancer patient was not that he had killed her to relieve her suffering but that he had only "killed" her after she was already dead. Once this defense was accepted his acquittal was perfectly compatible with his country's existing laws.

Yet, in the eyes of many people, this legal technicality was secondary to the main issue of the case. These people saw Dr. Sander — quite rightly, we think — as an idealistic and compassionate man who had sincerely believed that his already doomed patient would be better off dead than alive. From this premise they concluded — quite

wrongly, we think — that Dr. Sander would have been justified in an attempt to "kill" her.

Irrespective of the higher moral and theological arguments for and against euthanasia we don't see how one human being, consulting no authority but his own soul, can properly assume he is doing another human being a favor by depriving him of life. We don't see how euthanasia can ever become "good" until it becomes legal. Legal in the fullest sense, with the fullest and most careful safeguards against its abuse. To take a life secretly, arbitrarily, on the basis of a single judgment or a single man's conception of what is right — this is not an act which can be defended by good intentions.

Euthanasia will never be acceptable to those who believe in the inviolable sanctity of human life. It is already acceptable in principle to many who respect human life but who also believe there is a point beyond which the prolongation of an already inevitable death agony becomes merely cruel and senseless. Whether it is to be accepted or rejected, finally, by society as a whole its practice can never be made subject to the dictates of a single mind, a single heart, or a single conscience.

## This, Tovarisch, Is an Ultimatum!

THE ALERT but trembling Communists of France have detected a new enemy in the cold war and brought their forces to bear against the latest capitalist invader — Coca-Cola.

Ha! Comrades! You ain't seen nothing yet! Coke practically represents the flower of our civilization. Wait till we start bringing on the real torture weapons.

Get out of China or we'll send Frankie Laine over there. One more false move in the Balkans and we'll start bombarding you with giveaway radio shows.

Yank your spies off the Ottawa beat or we'll fill your movie theatres with popcorn counters

and enfilade the orchestra seats with small boys chewing bubble gum.

Quit stalling on the atom or we'll riddle the Iron Curtain with a quarter of a billion life subscriptions to Purple Love Comics.

Desist from those phony charges against our diplomats and we'll hold back on the recipe for marshmallow meringue topped with chopped pecans.

One more peep out of Pravda and we'll jam Radio Moscow with singing commercials.

Give us a peace treaty for Germany or we'll give you the cloche hat.

Ready to say uncle, Uncle Joe?



Your B. F. Goodrich Dealer  
Knows Why—

**3 out of 5\***  
SWITCHED TO  
**B.F. Goodrich**  
FROM SOME OTHER BRAND

\*A nation-wide survey made of the tire customers of B.F. Goodrich Dealers from coast to coast shows — that 3 out of 5 B.F. Goodrich tire buyers switched from some other brand.

Why did they switch? Your B.F. Goodrich Dealer knows.

He'll tell you that some switched to get more mileage . . . for extra blowout protection . . . some for smoother riding, added safety, lower-cost motoring, better all-round performance due to B.F.G. engineering and manufacturing skill . . . for all the advantages of B.F. Goodrich research.

From B.F. Goodrich research have come cooler-running, longer-wearing rubber compounds, superior tread and body design, advanced tire building methods that mean better tire performance . . . greater value for your money.

There's a friendly B.F. Goodrich Tire dealer near you . . . one of the B.F. Goodrich family of 5,000 trained tire specialists and service experts. He'll help keep your tires in tip-top condition, the year round.

Get him to show you the new B.F.G. Silver-towns and the famous Seal-o-matic safety tubes that seal punctures instantly . . . permanently . . . as you ride. See him today!



LOOK FOR THE  
PENTAGONAL SIGN  
that identifies  
your friendly  
B.F. Goodrich Dealer

MANUFACTURERS, TOO, CHOOSE B.F. GOODRICH  
If equipped with B.F.G. tires, take advantage of your dealer's free tire inspection service . . . for long, trouble-free mileage.

Makers of Tires, Batteries, Automotive Accessories, Rubber Footwear, Industrial Rubber Products and Koroseal

#### BETTER SERVICE

"My B.F.G. DEALER had a lot to do with my switch to B.F.G. Tires. He's a tire expert and a service expert too. That's important!" — R. K. Ferguson, London, Ontario.

#### GREATER SAFETY

"The best tires I've ever had", says H. R. Pollock, of Toronto, Ont. "B.F.G.'s are always absolutely dependable with tougher tread and stronger sidewalls for extra blowout protection."

#### PROVED ECONOMY

"I switched to B.F. Goodrich to get extra mileage and haven't been disappointed. After long, hard driving, mostly over bad roads, roads still look good for many more miles." — Don Sinclair, East Riverside, N.B.

#### DEPENDABILITY

"I've had B.F. Goodrich tires for two years . . . enjoying safe non-skid traction and completely trouble-free performance." — J. Reid Langdon, Granby, Que.

#### LONGER LIFE

"I have driven on B.F. Goodrich tires since 1936 and have always enjoyed long wear and trouble-free performance." — Peter W. Waslik, Winnipeg, Man.





## Medical science is now waging its greatest fight against cancer

As the research attack on cancer progresses, discoveries are constantly being made that offer hope of further gains against this disease.

Today, if diagnosed early and treated promptly and correctly, authorities say that seventy-five per cent of cancers of the breast, eighty per cent of cancers of the mouth, and over ninety-five per cent of cancers of the skin are curable. Cancer of other parts of the body also is being treated with greater success.

### Progress in new treatments

Doctors and other scientists are steadily working on the major aspects of cancer. At present, efforts are being made to perfect a simple, quick test to detect the disease early. One such test was recently announced. It is based upon the discovery that the blood serum of persons with cancer has different properties than that of normal persons.

Studies are continuing on the use of radioactive isotopes in the hope that

ways will be found to destroy cancer cells without harming normal cells.

Research on the use of specific drugs is progressing. Some drugs have shown such promise as cancer weapons, that authorities have predicted that the chemical control of the disease may be possible.

The part played by the body's chemical hormones in causing cancer is more clearly understood than ever before. This may make possible new and more effective treatments for some types of the disease.

Equally encouraging are the improvements in surgical techniques. Operations that were once considered too hazardous may now be performed safely.

Future progress in the fight against cancer depends not only upon continuing scientific research but also upon growing public awareness of the necessity for early detection and treatment.

### Your part in fighting cancer

In view of the progress being made by medical science, annual physical examinations are more important than ever in safeguarding against cancer, especially for those over thirty-five years of age.

Authorities urge everyone to learn the "danger signals" of cancer that are listed at the left. Fortunately, in the majority of cases, they turn out to be symptoms of conditions other than cancer. However, it's always wise to seek prompt medical attention should any of them occur.

There are still no "quick cures" for cancer. The only proved weapons which medical science now has against this disease are X-rays, radium, and surgery—which may be used singly or in combination.

As medicine's knowledge of cancer increases, there is hope that the time may not be too far off when the disease will yield its secrets and thus cease to be a major threat to life. Meanwhile, with today's weapons—promptly and properly used—authorities predict that an ever increasing number of cancer victims may be saved.

### The 7 "danger signals" that you should know



1. Any lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Noticeable changes in the color or size of a wart or mole.
5. Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
6. Any persistent hoarseness, cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any persistent change in normal elimination.

Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your free booklet, entitled "There is Something You Can Do About Cancer" 40-M

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... Prov.....

## In the Editors' Confidence

**L**ESLIE ROBERTS, whose two-part story of love and adventure under the Red Star, "Rendezvous in Riga," begins on pages 10 and 11, collected the background material for his timely tale when he was in Russia in 1948. A book "Home From the Cold Wars" was another result of slipping behind the Iron Curtain.

When we asked Roberts for a report on himself he wired from Vancouver, where he is on another writing assignment: "I was born in Wales and came to Canada as a small boy; Montreal has been my jumping-off place ever since. I was educated in Montreal high schools and briefly at McGill but I still don't know an adverb from a preposition or a subjunctive mood from an inside straight."

"I was overseas in the first war for five years and was wounded three times which will give you a clue to my age (Roberts is 53). In the second war I was a special assistant to the late Norman Rogers (Minister of National Defense) and later a correspondent with the Canadian Navy overseas."

"I've been a free-lance writer since 1927, writing articles for magazines and turning out 11 books. My wife and I live in Westmount, Que., but I'm seldom there. We have two grown-up sons, one a newspaperman and the other in radio."

● We got a note from Walt Kelly, whose pal Pogo you can meet on pages 20 and 21, when he sent along the drawing which appears with the article. The note read: "The alligator doesn't know it but I keep pencils in that box. I'd thought of calling this drawing 'A Nest of Robinson, Mein Herr.' But the duck's name is Curtis."

● In covering the story of the Saskatchewan River, which she tells on pages 12 and 13, Marjorie Wilkins Campbell went up to the sources and worked downstream.

"In the process was drenched with rain, choked by dust storms. I dug for fossilized nuts at Drumheller, saw the sun rise at



Roberts found a plot behind the Curtain.

Edmonton, got stuck in the mud at Elbow and flew with a fire ranger. Since I'm not very good at figures I have no idea of the miles I traveled but it must have been thousands," writes the author.

She has written a book about the river. This was published last month by Rinehart in New York and Clarke Irwin in Toronto, as part of the "Rivers of America" series.

● Eva-Lis Wuorio, who writes about Saskatoon's Fred Mendel on page 22, says two things Fred has always liked best are buying fine paintings and breeding race horses. He no longer raises horses, but his interest in art has enriched not only his own life but that of his new home town.

The Mendel collection was given a showing in Saskatoon this winter. There were Pissarros, de Vlamincks, Koolmans, Franz Marcs, and the Hungarian Ignacs and Karolys, hung beside such Canadian painters as Marie Cecil Bouchard, Emily Carr, A. Y. Jackson and J. E. H. Macdonald. But perhaps the most interesting section of the show contained the work of 11 Saskatoon artists, one of them Mendel's own daughter Eva, another an ex-worker at the packing plant whose dream of studying art became a reality because of Fred Mendel's interest.



**R**EX WOODS asked a young advertising executive and his wife to pose as the family group in this picture. "They had just been presented with a lively tax exemption by the name of Brent so they went to work on figuring their tax, just as they were supposed to do, while I painted. The young man even fell asleep according to the script," Woods told us. Woods did some research on where most couples made out their last-minute tax forms. "I'm a kitchen table man myself," Pollster Woods reported, "but I'm in the minority it seems. Most people, like the advertising man and his wife, seem to use the living room."

...not too **BIG**  
...not too **SMALL**  
just **RIGHT!**

Admired... compared... chosen by  
thousands... this handsome  
HILLMAN is a practical car in  
every way. It features s-m-o-o-t-h,  
big-car comfort plus economies  
that mean *much less* cost per mile...  
including up to 35 miles per gallon!



**Hillman Minx**

● A ROOTES GROUP PRODUCT

ROOTES MOTORS LIMITED • HEAD OFFICE, 170 BAY ST., TORONTO, ONT. — WESTERN OFFICE, 1736 HASTINGS ST., E. VANCOUVER, B.C. — EASTERN OFFICE, MONTREAL AIRPORT, DORVAL, P.Q.

PARTS AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST IN CANADA



# Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!

EVER FEEL your menus are getting uninspired? Your baker has inspiration a-plenty! For instance, instead of racking your brain for a dessert, finish off a meal in style with a lavish, Filled Ring from your baker's tray. Tomorrow, start the day bright with your baker's rich, nut-erammed Pecan Buns or a crumbly, feather-light Coffee Cake. Easy? Sure it is, when you let your baker be your menu maker. He has good things for every meal—tempting sweet goods, delicious breads, cakes moist and tender. And if it's from your baker's tray, you *know* it's fresh—straight from his ovens that very day!



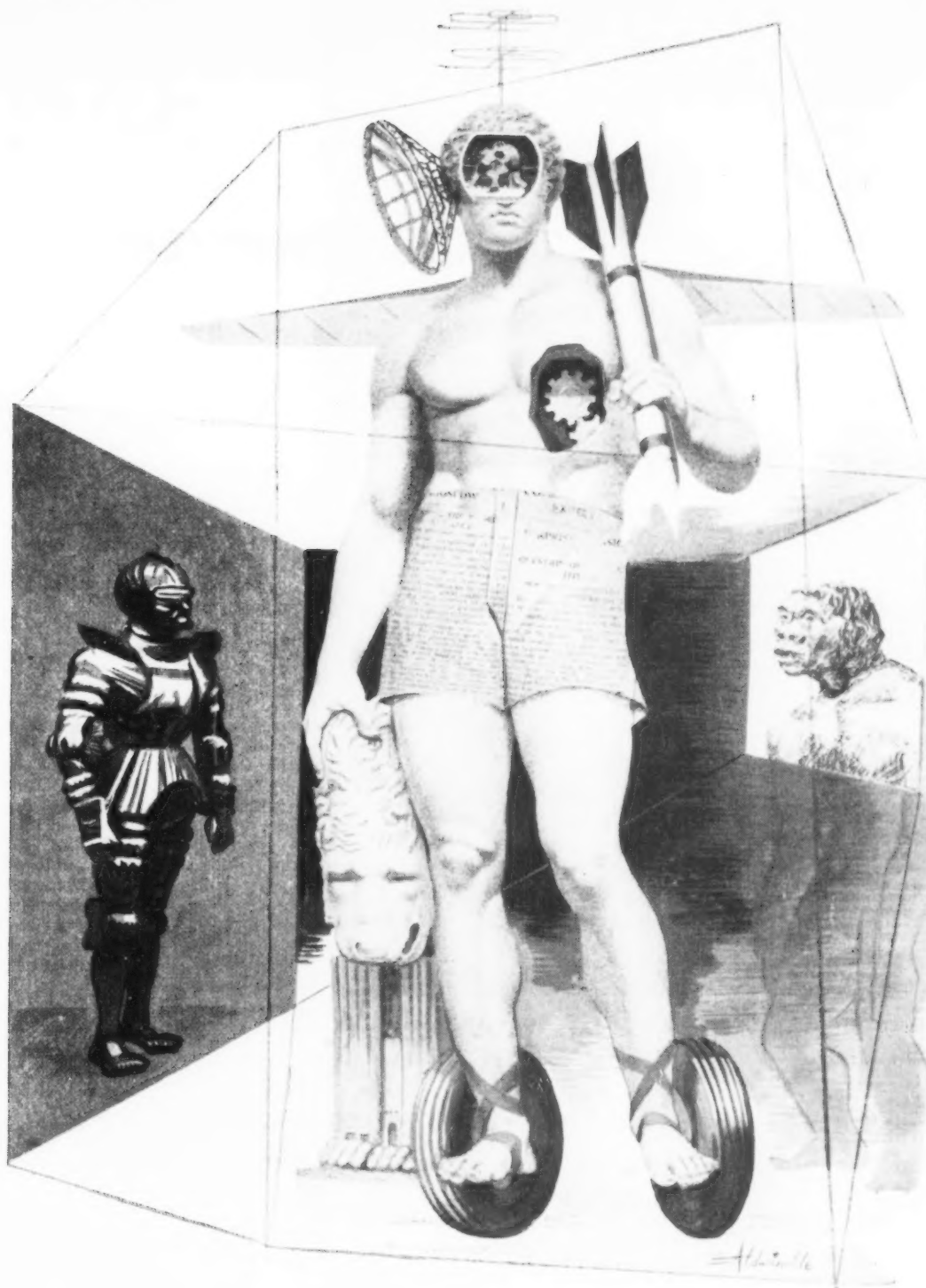
## YOUR BAKER TO-DAY

supplies appetizing variety in daily bread—White, Brown, Raisin, Rye, Cracked Wheat, and many others. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.

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Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution  
to the advancement of national welfare through  
increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.



CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
**MACLEAN'S**



Artist Eric Aldwinckle's portrait of Man — a modernized savage with a heart of steel. Must he doom himself?

## WHY WE ARE LOSING THE COLD WAR

By **BRUCE HUTCHISON**

What does it profit America to have the world's biggest bomb if it has forgotten the ideals that made it great?

Without a noble purpose, says Hutchison, we are naked and lost

**T**HREE casual and irrelevant exhibits in the bright spring weather of Washington should help us to understand why we are losing the cold war.

Exhibit A: The White House, closed and dismantled for repairs. President Truman noticed the chandeliers swaying and architects found the pillars and foundations dangerously weakened. For all its solid outer look the White House is a hollow shell—the perfect symbol of our times. If the architects could

*Continued on page 61*

# BUSIEST

By GORDON SINCLAIR

**A** YOUTHFUL interne and a mature nurse walked through a surgical ward of Toronto's Western Hospital at sundown. They glanced through an open door, stopped in surprise. A hairdresser was busy at the iron-grey tresses of a woman with a familiar smile while two stenographers took dictation.

"Good Lord," exclaimed the interne. "Working already! Surgery for breakfast, work for supper the same day."

"Why not?" demanded the nurse. "She's conscious, isn't she?"

The patient was Mrs. Henry Aitken, of Islington, Ont.—Kate Aitken to about 5 million Canadians, and my pick as the busiest woman in the world.

Her regular jobs include woman's editorship of the Montreal Standard with weekly responsibility for six news pages plus several magazine features, radio director and daily coast-to-coast broadcaster for Ogilvie Flour Mills Ltd., radio director and Ontario broadcaster for G. Tamblin Ltd. (a chain of 60 Ontario drugstores), director of women's activities for the Canadian National Exhibition, assistant publicist for the great Kiwanis music festival and food consultant to four organizations.

Known as Mrs. A. to all her family from husband Henry to daughters and sons-in-law, Kate Aitken gets 5,000 letters each week. On the air and by mail she gives advice to the lovelorn in heartthrob style. Each year she delivers about 600 broadcasts and 150 speeches.



Tireless Kate flies 150,000 Canadian miles a year, still finds time to run up rompers for her grandchildren.

Kate Aitken keeps 21 secretaries punch drunk with 260,000 letters a year, she makes 600 broadcasts to 5 million listeners, takes tea with the Queen. But she can't knit

**RADIO** shows with Mrs. A. centre on baby and husband care, menus and travel hints.



**LETTERS** come from the lovelorn, the fatsos, the down-and-outs. All get signed replies.



**COOKING** in her home's four kitchens is Kate's delight. She throws parties for 100.





# WOMAN IN THE WORLD

Although she's helped somewhat in the above chores by a corps of 21 secretaries Mrs. A. writes her own scripts, hires her radio casts, selects the music and produces the show. Format on all shows is genial kitchen fare, centring around baby and husband care, with menus, travel hints and advice tossed in.

A typical week sees Mrs. A. running Sunday cooking school in her four-kitchen home or perhaps posing four weeks' supply of Standard women's pictures. Monday she does two radio shows and answers her mail. Tuesday she does the same thing but also usually makes a speech somewhere (recent speeches were in Port Alberni, B.C., Saskatoon, Brockville, Ont., and Saint John, N.B.). On Wednesday she does two radio shows live, records two more, then hops a plane for Montreal. Here on Thursday, Friday and Saturday she edits the Standard's six women's pages, writing under her own name and three pseudonyms. She does her daily CBC shows from Montreal at the same time. The daily network

shows can be picked up from any town which has a CBC station, the daily local Toronto broadcasts are recorded when Kate's going to be away.

She flies an average of 150,000 Canadian miles each year and last season crossed the Atlantic 15 times. It would have been 16 times except that the first trip of '49 carried her around the world in 18 days so that the outward voyage was via the Pacific.

The amazing Kate subscribes to 29 magazines and 24 newspapers and manages to read at least parts of them all.

In her home on Toronto's outskirts—it has three bathrooms—she does most of her own cooking, frequently gives parties for 100 or more guests, and manages to whip up romper or frock whenever presented with a new grandchild. The score on grandchildren stands at three until July when a fourth is due. Kate will tolerate "Mom," but "Granny" would leave her speechless. She can't knit.

When Mrs. A. is on the air, or preparing to go on,

there is never doubt, from engineer or announcer, as to who is boss. Engineers have grown so tired asking her to please clear the line in time for them to get on to the next show that they now set studio clocks fast when she's about to broadcast. Mrs. A. is supposed not to know about this; a naïve assumption.

Announcers on an Aitken show are paid above union scale, by the sponsors, and submit to ribbing from fellow craftsmen on the accusation that, to play ball with Mrs. A., one must be yes man, stooge or both. This is probably jealousy because none of her announcers has quit except to leave radio or leave town.

Her scripts over Toronto's CFRB are spoken in singsong voice from a high bookkeeper's stool, give advice on marketing, foods, shows and baby care. Written about three hours before broadcast the script leaves spaces for an ad lib by either Cy Strange or Horace Lapp (who calls her "Sis" or "Dearie"), who are her

*Continued on page 64*

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



The Boss with nine of her 21 secretaries. Daughter Mary (centre back) is mother's right hand. The amazing Mrs. A. dictates letters in batches of 100.

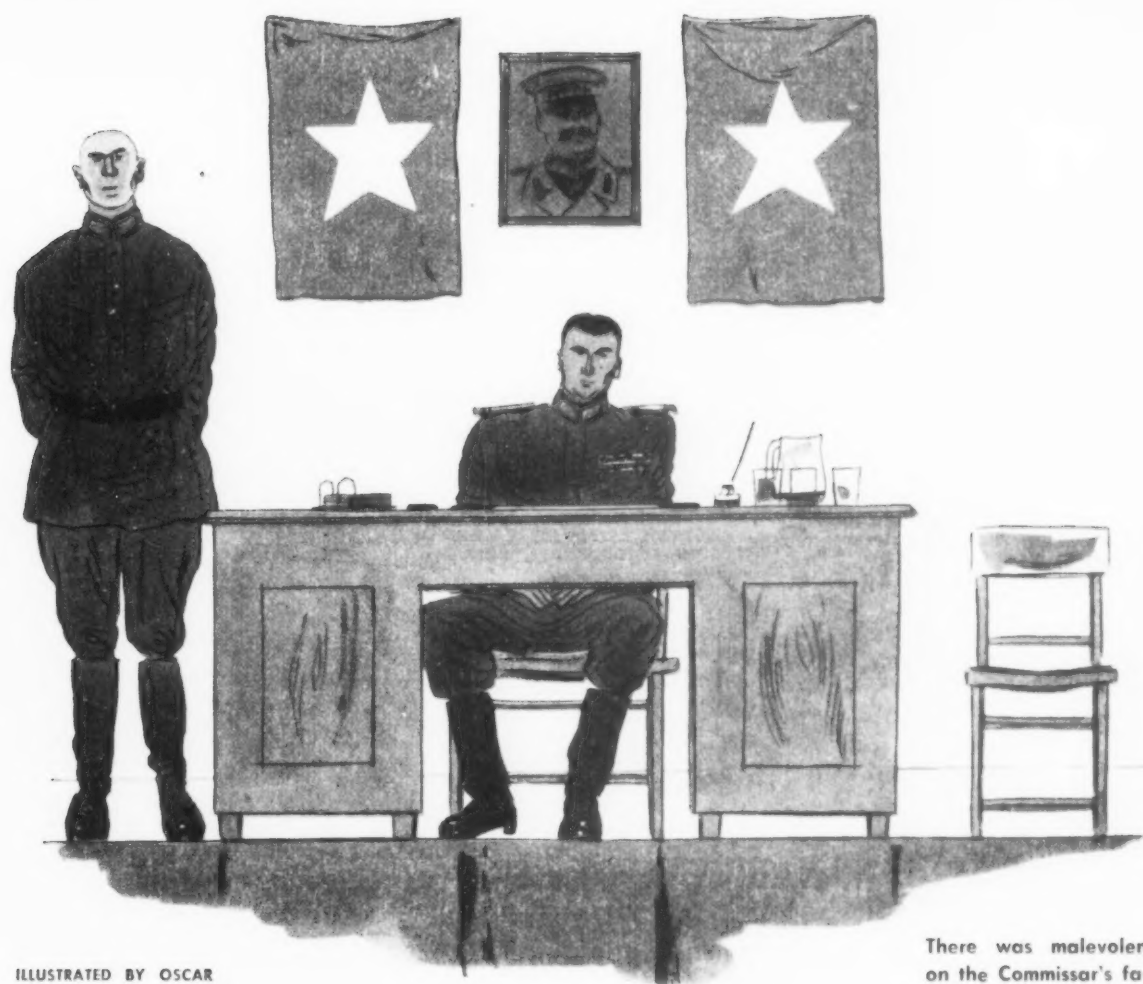




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ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

There was malevolence  
on the Commissar's face.

# Rendezvous in Riga

By LESLIE ROBERTS

All he had now was the dream of a laughing girl. Uncle Joe said no.

And Uncle Joe was no ordinary in-law, but a man named Stalin who

had broken the marriage of Bill Cosgrove and Anna, his Iron Curtain wife

## Part One

THE PHONE rang and I rolled over on the green eiderdown and stuck out a hand to take the receiver. It was Trevor.

"Bill?" he said. "Hank. How about lunch tomorrow?"

"Look, Hank," I said, "you're slipping. I'm flying home to Canada tomorrow. Remember?"

"That's not till night, is it?" he came back. "Make it the Caprice at one and you can be back by three to do your packing if you don't like what I have on my mind. Okay?"

"What do you mean, what you have on your mind?" I asked. "Lay off. I'm flying home tomorrow. Period."

So we met at the Caprice, in back of the Ritz, and I didn't even care if it was jugged hare, the way I felt. I'd eat Hank's food and tell him no dice to

whatever rattle-brained idea he'd dreamed up. Then I'd walk back down Piccadilly, buy a paper and read what Herbie Morrison had to say in the House about Utopia. By then it would be time to give bags to the porter and go.

The first thing Hank said at the Caprice was, "Get on the phone, Bill, and cancel your reservation."

I said, "Look, chump, I'm flying home tonight, or didn't I tell you?"

Then Hank asked: "Would you like to see your wife again?" and I took it for a called strike, while I worked on the answer. The way it came out was, "Do I have a wife? You tell me. I wouldn't know." For my money what we were celebrating was Anticlimax Day.

Lunch was something in a casserole and while we were eating, Hank talked about a golf at Sunningdale, and the boffs in the Leslie Henson show, and did I think Churchill writes his own memoirs, and

I said sure he does, and lays brick in his spare time, when he isn't painting water colors. He didn't mention the airline again until we were drinking our coffee.

Hank picked up the check and said: "Let's go back to your room, where we can talk." But instead of the hotel, we sat on a couple of chairs in the Green Park and an old man came over and sold us tickets for a penny apiece for the privilege of sitting on them, and told us it was a nice day. Then Hank brought out his scheme.

I COULDN'T see it. The Russians would never give me a visa. They knew all about Anna and me. If she couldn't get out, would anybody in his senses imagine they'd let me back in? A guy who'd married one of their women during the war? Any place else, yes. This shining example of a foreigner's good taste would have been a delicate compliment to all their females.

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# **SASKATCHEWAN, PRAIRIE NILE**

**By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL**

**U**P NEAR the Great Divide of the Rockies, at the foot of the ageless Saskatchewan Glacier, in the shadow of Mounts Athabaska and Saskatchewan, a cascade of pure ice water tumbles toward the foothills, gathering to itself a lacy network of other putty-colored streams until it grows into a mighty, many-forked river that knifes through the mountains and onto the rolling ranchland.

On the Prairies its channel bites deeper and deeper into the soft rock, doubling back on itself a thousand times in an agonizing, meandering course across the wheat belt until it becomes a vast fan of great twisting ditches which drain off the only water the country knows.

Then, united again as a single stream, it winds its lonely way through a blanket of jack pine to the muskeg 1,000 miles from its





NATIONAL FILM BOARD PHOTO

The Blackfeet knew there was a spell on this mighty river in the days when it was the highway of the West. Today the curse of wasted water and erosion still hangs over the Saskatchewan

source where, in a rush of furious rapids, a mile wide and roaring like a trapper on a spree, it throws itself into Lake Winnipeg.

This is the Saskatchewan, the continent's sixth largest river, the great aorta of the Prairies, the life stream that drains 150,000 square miles of Canada's food and forest belt.

In many ways the North and South Branches of the Saskatchewan are the Prairies. The river flows in a wobbly "Y" from its sources in the Rockies through the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and half of Manitoba, dropping a full 5,000 feet in its 1,200-mile course. Its main branches start within a few miles of each other and bulge out across the foothills—the North Branch flowing through Edmonton, the South Branch linking the waters south and east of Calgary—to meet east of Prince Albert. There the united streams, the base of the "Y," flow on together to Lake Winnipeg.

To the people who live on its banks—farmers, ranchers, housewives, oilmen, miners, townsmen, trappers and lumbermen—it is more than a river. It is a way of life—free, easy, hard, challenging.

The Blackfeet believed there was a spell on the river. "Whoever drinks its water will return to it," they warned. If there is a spell, there is also a curse. On the arid Prairies, which can produce 400 million bushels of wheat in a year, water is more precious than gold. Yet each spring the Saskatchewan's South Branch carries off the flow of melting glaciers, winter's snows and summer's scant rainfall before the needed moisture has a chance to seep into the rich soil or raise the water table. It is Canada's No. 1 irrigation challenge, at once the farmer's hope and despair.

Its deep valleys pattern the rolling steppes, and the high billiard table plains. It drapes a winding garland of foliage on towns like Edmonton and Saskatoon, Medicine Hat and the Battlefords. It is the happy break in the monotony of the prairie landscape. But the long stretches between bridges separate

neighbors as surely as a medieval moat.

It is lonesome water. Yet fewer than 200 years ago it was one of the world's most exciting waterways.

It was the highway of Canada, the road that led to the discovery of the Northwest. The rapids at its mouth beckoned François and Louis Joseph de la Vérendrye to paddle west one warm day in the early summer of 1742 on their voyage of discovery to the foothills of the Rockies. From then on, its waters—swift and swollen in spring, shallow and muddy in August—floated the canoes of thousands of *voyageurs* who plundered the lush beaver meadows on its banks and steered their pelt-laden craft down its winding course.

#### A Sheep-Headed "Sea" Serpent

ON the North Branch explorer Peter Pond cached the first supplies of pemmican (dried meat) to inaugurate a supply line of the 90-pound, hide-covered sacks which are still occasionally turned up today. Samuel Hearne, of the Hudson's Bay Company, paddled up the Lower Saskatchewan in 1774 to build Cumberland House, the first permanent white settlement west of the Bay. David Thompson with his half-breed wife, Charlotte, and their latest dusky baby, struggled up the tortuous shoals of the North Branch to discover the river's source.

And yet today you can't make a reservation for a boat trip anywhere on the river. Except for the Dieppe landing boat which supplies Cumberland House and a string of small motor boats, the only reminder of the river's historic past is the occasional lover's canoe. The 202-foot stern paddle wheeler Marquis, largest and proudest of a dozen which plied the river before the turn of the century, has rotted away at Prince Albert. The screw steamer Lilly, assembled at Grand Rapids by workmen from the Clyde in 1874, was wrecked long ago at Medicine Hat. The shoals, the spring floods and the crushing

ice boulders were too much for the boat builders.

Now only the occasional adventurer travels the water. In 1947, 27-year-old Peter Burt, of Victoria, B.C., fulfilled a boyhood dream when he paddled down the North Branch in an aluminum canoe—the route which fur traders and explorers had once used to cross the continent.

Today you can see the Saskatchewan by plane, train, car, bus, horseback or on foot—by any means of transportation other than the river itself. The best place to start is at one of the river's sources in the Columbia Icefields.

You can reach the spot by car or bus from Banff or Jasper. Men like Jim Simpson, of Bow Lake, who has lived among the glaciers for 50 years, are watching the ice slowly recede. They saw the glaciers move back 250 feet in the 1945-47 period. What will this steady recession mean to the Saskatchewan's flow?

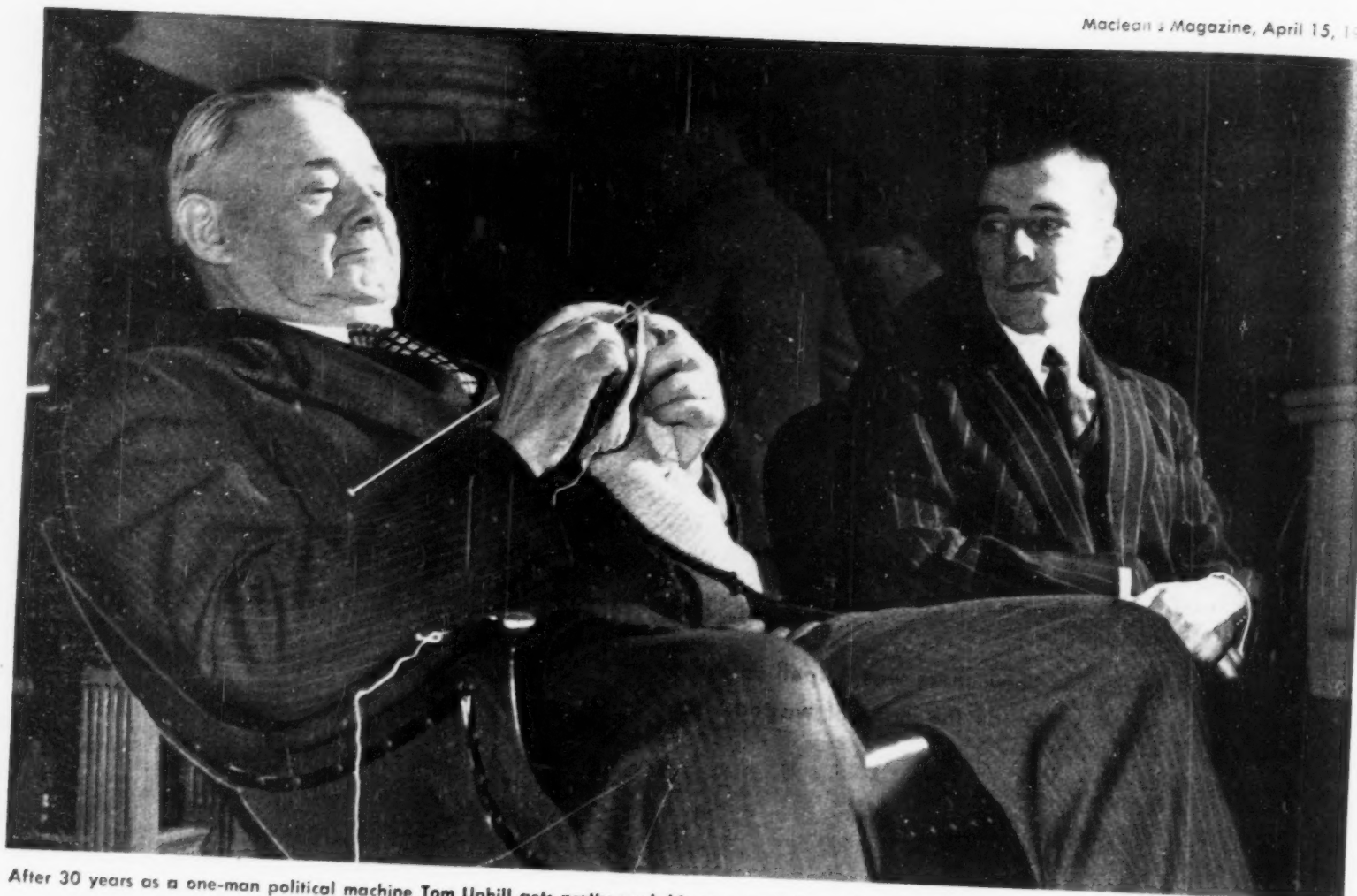
No one worries too much, for the river still carries enough water to excite Ottawa with huge irrigation schemes. The silt that settles along the curves of the upper reaches of the North Branch even carries a little gold; a stubborn panner can make his \$5 a day at Rocky Mountain House or near Edmonton. When Robert L. Ripley heard that Edmonton used Saskatchewan River gravel for its concrete he announced in his "Believe It or Not" panel that "the streets of Edmonton are paved with gold."

The North Branch escapes from the Rockies through the great Saskatchewan Gap, easily visible on a clear day from Rocky Mountain House. Members of Edmonton's Canoe Club like to ship their craft up to this town within sight of the mountains and let the river carry them home.

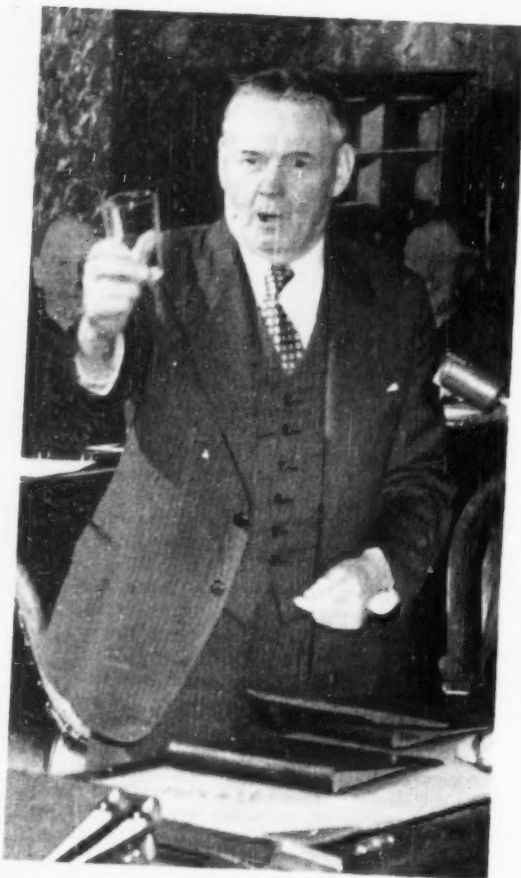
On this stretch of water one of the Saskatchewan River's "sea serpents," a sheep-headed monster with a long thrashing tail, is sometimes reported. Cynics say he's probably a large sturgeon that got away, though local ranchers

*Continued on page 26*

The picture on these pages shows the North Branch of the Saskatchewan near Prince Albert as it rushes on to meet the South Branch.



After 30 years as a one-man political machine Tom Uphill gets pretty much his own way, but a tight-lipped Speaker put his foot down on Tom's knitting.



The miners of Fernie want their beer after work and Tom's ready to stave off the prohibitionists

## Maverick Member From Fernie

Knitting in the B. C. Legislature, playing a hidden radio, pleading for richer rum and titles for cash — Tom Uphill has parlayed these political pranks into a record eight-session term at Victoria

By J. K. NESBITT

**W**HEN Tom Uphill, M.L.A., rises to his feet and turns his beaming moon face toward the Speaker of the British Columbia Legislature at Victoria, there's always an eager stirring on the benches and anticipatory chuckles from the public galleries.

The perpetual member for Fernie might start his speech with a bad fit of coughing. Apparently near choking, he'll grab a glass of water, gulp it and gasp, "If I could only get some real good rum without so much water in it I wouldn't have this danged cold."

When the Speaker frowns threateningly Tom holds up the glass, "Mr. Speaker, if only you'd put a dash of somethin' into this . . ."

The public laughs, the members smile, and Tom, a good showman, enjoys the situation as much as

anyone. And, at 75, seven times re-elected as an independent by the Fernie coal miners, Thomas Hubert Uphill pretty much gets his own way. With 30 years' lawmaking he's everyone's senior in the B. C. House.

When a string of slow speeches make his eyelids droop Tom livens things up by feigning a snoring sleep, kicking his metal wastebasket, even once falling from his chair to hit the floor with a resounding thud. He always meekly apologizes to the Speaker, the orator, and slips a wink to Premier Byron Johnson who never quite knows what to do about such hanky-panky.

But even Tom couldn't get away with playing his portable radio in the House (the M.L.A. next to him tattletaled), or knitting a bundle for Britain (a parody on the needle-clacking of M.L.A. Mrs. Nancy Hodges).

"Ya gotta have a bit of fun now and then," says Tom, completely

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In the deep madness of despair this man bought a razor and pressed it to his throat. But he learned that no matter how seductively death beckons no despair is stronger than the joy of just being alive

# I TRIED SUICIDE

**W**HENEVER I hear of someone committing suicide I always feel a shudder pass through me as though someone had opened a door and let a breath of chill from my own past into my life. I always feel sympathy, too, because I know quite a bit about what a man goes through before—and after—he decides to kill himself.

Life for me today is pleasant, happy, I suppose, but there was a time some years ago when I had trouble so bad and so deep that death was bright like a light beckoning me to an exit. I'll tell you about it here, setting it down just as it happened, just as I remember it. And I remember it now as clearly as the day it all happened . . .

## I Couldn't Take It Any More

**S**IX MONTHS before a certain winter morning in New York I had been well-to-do, healthy, cheerful, and happily married. In that short time my world had gone to pieces. Through a series of incredibly foolish investments I had lost half a million dollars. I had roughly \$20 in my wallet—and nothing in the bank. I took to drinking heavily.

I had been unfaithful to my wife—so often and so cheaply that when she found out about it, as sooner or later she was bound to do, I was sure she would leave me. On top of all the rest it would be too much for her to stand. So I had wrecked my marriage along with everything else. While I was doing these cruel and stupid things my mother, old and sick in another city, had died cursing me. And before she died she disinherited me.

Lying in bed that winter morning, sober and

chilled to the bone, I counted my money again. On my last \$20 we could live for perhaps a week. After that I could wash dishes in a restaurant or do some other unskilled work—all I could look forward to since I had always had an independent income of at least \$20,000 a year, had spent my time in traveling and idle amusement, and was completely untrained in any way of making a living. So I could wash dishes. Or I could starve.

It was an appalling choice. I had seen tired and hungry men making the rounds of the employment agencies on the West Side, reading the offers of work scrawled on the blackboards that hung outside and going anxiously in to be told they were no longer open, that they had been filled an hour, or two hours, or five minutes ago. And now I would have to make the rounds too—me!

Until that moment I had never quite faced myself as I really was. Now the truth began to crowd in on me—the thoughts that were like wolves gathering, waiting to tear me apart. I was bitterly ashamed, and I was afraid. The time of reckoning had come and I couldn't take it.

So, hopeless and self-condemned, I made up my mind to kill myself.

The first thing I thought of, because it would be both painless and easy, was an overdose of sleeping pills. But I didn't have any. I couldn't buy a powerful enough brand without a doctor's prescription. And I had the sense to realize that no doctor, seeing the shape I was in, would give me a prescription, certainly not one for enough to do the trick. It was no use, sleeping pills were out.

A revolver bullet through my brain? That was

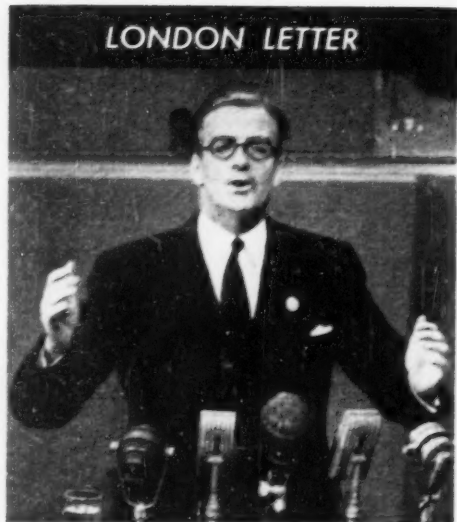
my next idea, but I shrank from it. Suppose there was an instant of dreadful smashing pain before death, an agony too awful to endure even for the split second it would last. Besides, I had no revolver, no money to buy one, and no police permit. The revolver was out, too.

The only other ways of committing suicide I could think of were by hanging, drowning, or jumping off a tall building. I rejected each in turn. Hanging wouldn't do because the only place I had for it was my bedroom, which was so low-ceilinged there wasn't enough drop to break my neck. I could only strangle slowly in the noose. I was too strong a swimmer and too weak a man to drown myself deliberately, and the bare idea of jumping from a high-up window or a roof and smashing to bone-splintered pulp in the street below made me shiver in such a spasm of fear and revulsion that the bed shook.

## A Sudden Urge For Waffles

**T**HE BED was really a cot, narrow and old and rickety, and the room was little more than a tiny grey-walled cell. It, and the exactly similar room next door where my wife lay asleep, belonged to the servants' quarters on the top floor of a smart apartment building. We were living there free of charge, through the kindness of the superintendent. Nine floors down there was an apartment that had been mine until I could no longer pay the rent, a beautiful, comfortable apartment with great soft quiet beds. This wretched cot was where my own servant had slept.

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They said the talkies ruined him, but a new Anthony Eden has risen with the Tory tide.

## Eden: Galahad Grows Up

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

IT SHOULDN'T be long before Anthony Eden is prime minister of Great Britain. Apart from the magnificent resurgence of popular favor this is the greatest thing the general election brought to the Conservative Party. Eden is now definitely acknowledged as Churchill's successor. And when that great man steps aside—as we all must in our time—Eden will lead the Tories. When the Tories take over the government benches at Westminster still depends on the unpredictable factors I discussed in the last issue of Maclean's ("How Long Can Labor Hang On?" April 1).

Long the Man of Climax and Anticlimax, Aristocratic Anthony, the Crown Prince and Sir Galahad, Eden established himself in one election broadcast last February not only as a future prime minister but as one who might well prove a great prime minister.

Those of us who have believed in Eden have wondered for the last five years if he would ever throw off his double complex, that of being a perpetual second-in-command and of being obsessed with foreign affairs. Again and again he would rise to speak at some dramatic moment in a debate and prove no more than adequate. Again and again on the public platform he would address great crowds that were vibrating with excitement and he would gradually subdue them with uninspired language plus clear logic that never touched even the outskirts of emotion.

He was never muddled in his thinking, his grasp of parliamentary procedure was remarkable, and he was never cheap. A wit said of him that he was the greatest silent film politician in the world but that the talkies had ruined him. He was like an actor playing "Hamlet" who looked the part, but could not invoke the magic of the lines.

About a month before the election he called me on the telephone and asked if I would dine with him at his house. He had just come up from his constituency, for once in his life he had no engagement, and since politicians are much given to

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# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

## Our Secret Unemployment Policy

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

THE Government is more worried about unemployment than its spokesmen admit. Even allowing for the "seasonal" element on which official speeches lay so much stress, the economic soothsayers predict a further net decline in employment this year.

Though worried, the Government does not propose to do much about this, for two reasons. One is that the "public works" method won't achieve much in present circumstances. You can't put an unemployed stenographer to work on a bulldozer. Public works, on any scale, provide employment mainly to the construction industry, and the construction industry is working at full capacity now.

The other motive for inaction is a deep dark secret, scarcely admitted even in the most private conversations. It's the feeling among most of the Cabinet that a certain amount of temporary unemployment is an inescapable, even necessary, part of economic readjustment.

To take a recent example from a different field, the Government wouldn't support the price of eggs at 70-odd cents a dozen retail. It let the bottom drop out of the egg market, then moved in to establish a price floor at 38 cents wholesale. Lower prices gave such a boost to domestic consumption of eggs that we have no surplus.

On precisely the same grounds, Ottawa doesn't intend to support a wage scale that makes it impossible to hire a man for odd jobs at a reasonable figure. It's believed that the market for labor, like the market for eggs, is bigger than it looks, and that in both cases the surplus will vanish when the price comes down a little.

\* \* \*



THERE never was any serious question about whether to recognize Red China. The argument, in Parliament and in Cabinet, was about when to recognize.

Most people in External Affairs thought the sooner the better. Ambassador Tommy Davis was strongly of that opinion when he came home last fall, even before the British recognition. At Colombo and even more at Hong Kong, Mike Pearson and his party to Commonwealth conference found opinion in Asia to be virtually unanimous against the Chiang Kai-shek Government and in favor, relatively, of the Communist regime. Even the crustiest Tories, east of Suez, were completely disgusted with the so-called Nationalists whom the Communists delighted to identify with the Western Powers. It seemed urgent, not so much to recognize the Communist regime, as to repudiate the Kuomintang.

Here's one anecdote, typical of hundreds, to show why:

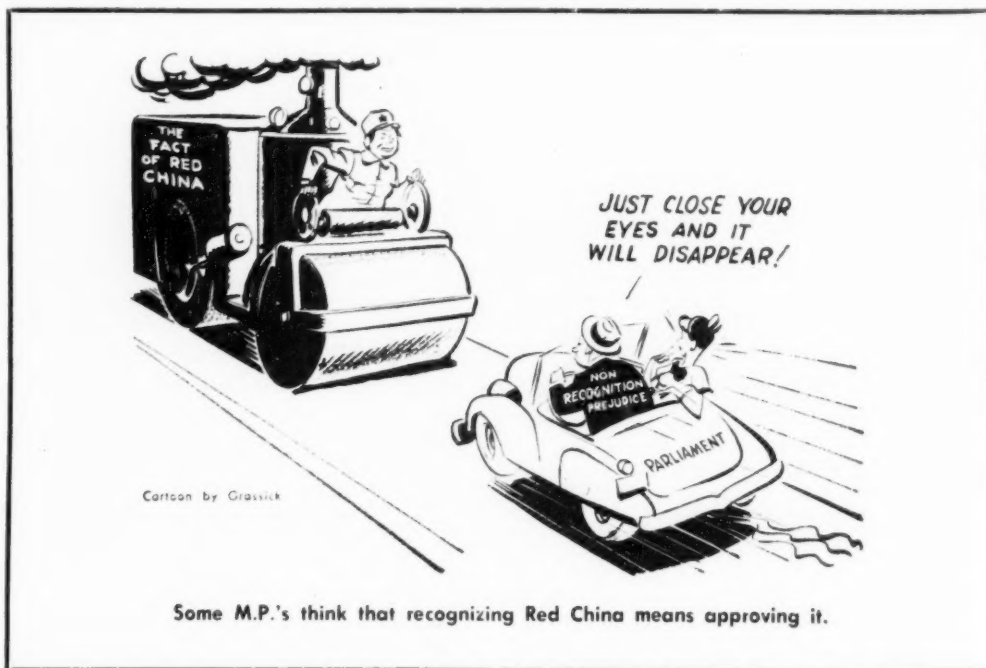
On the outskirts of a Chinese village lived an elderly Englishwoman who for years had looked after the villagers like a benevolent aunt. One day the retreating Nationalist army arrived and began digging in for defensive operations.

First they cut down the old lady's orchard, which she'd tended lovingly for years and with which she helped to feed the village. The officers explained it obscured their field of fire.

Then they put in some more gun emplacements, and decided that the whole village was obstructing their view. So they burned down the village.

Then the Communist army advanced to within 10 miles of these elaborate defenses, the Nationalist troops ran away

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Some M.P.'s think that recognizing Red China means approving it.



By ROBERT ELLIOTT

**E**GGs ARE the gourmet's delight and the joy of plain eaters. They have a marvelous sunlit taste all their own. They are the making of a thousand other good things—cake (where would angel food be without their airy whites?), velvet-smooth sauces, rich brown batter, even soup (Peruvians serve a kind of broth with a fried egg at the bottom of the plate). Eggs are wonderful and well-loved. Yet a lot of cooks don't really respect them.

This widespread lack of respect is pretty strange when you look back through history. When the ancient Egyptians wanted a symbol for the creation of the world they picked an egg. King Louis XIV of France was crazy about eggs and sometimes went out to the royal kitchen and cooked a dish of them himself. Cardinal Richelieu wasn't above discussing the right temperature of eggs to be used in mayonnaise. Lovers have won the hearts of beautiful women with eggs, as Swiftwater Bill Gates did in Dawson City in the days of the Yukon gold rush.

Swiftwater was courting a luscious young creature named Bella Lamarre, and getting nowhere. Jewels didn't mean a thing to her. Neither did spangled dresses, Russian sables or French clocks that played tinkling little tunes. She wasn't even impressed by money. But she loved eggs, and when Swiftwater found that out he didn't hesitate. There were 2,000 eggs in the whole of Dawson and they sold at \$2 each. Swiftwater bought them all, had them delivered to Bella's cabin, and enjoyed her favors from that moment until he tired of her the following year and ran off with her mother.

#### A Mouth-watering Work of Art

**M**AYBE Bella was a soiled dove, but at least she had a proper respect for eggs—something that can't always be said of virtuous women today. Many a pastry-proud housewife, whose piecrust is as light and flaky as a summer cloud, will think nothing of turning out an omelet that would make a vulture shrink away and cover its face with its wing. And many an otherwise good and imaginative cook will plug along for years perfectly content, where eggs are concerned, to stay in a deep unenterprising rut.

What makes this such a pity is that there's absolutely no need for it. The number of ways in which eggs can be cooked is practically unlimited. Escoffier, one of the greatest chefs who ever lived, listed 238 egg recipes in his famous "Culinary Guide" and admitted he hadn't even scratched the surface.

Egg cookery can be intricate and complicated (Eggs Daumont, for instance, involve 19 different ingredients and seven distinct steps in preparation). It can be spectacular (few things make a braver show than a rum omelet surrounded by leaping blue tongues of flame). It can be as plain as food ever gets to be. Unfortunately it can also be dismal. But a simple touch or two, plus obedience to a few general principles, can turn egg cookery into a mouth-watering work of art.

Let's begin with the basic recipe of them all—how to boil an egg.

Maybe that strikes you as a little *too* basic. You probably figure boiling eggs rates somewhere between taking candy from a baby and falling off a log. But eggs can be boiled by several different methods, and spoiled by several different mistakes.

The standard method is straight boiling for as many minutes as you fancy. It means plunging the egg, which is either stone-cold from the refrigerator or at most no warmer than the air in the kitchen, into water at a temperature of 212 degrees. Consequently, cooking starts with a sudden burst of high heat and the egg toughens, losing its most tender possibilities.

The same objection

Continued on page 30



KEN BELL  
Radio's Rawhide gets his eggs direct from the manufacturer. Make sure that yours are fresh, too.

## EGGS ARE WHAT YOU MAKE THEM

Louis XIV was so crazy about them he often parked his crown and turned chef; in Egypt they symbolized all creation; in the Yukon they won a woman's love. So let's give the egg a break



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By **ALLAN R. BOSWORTH**

**H** E HAD a last cigarette before they put the diving helmet over his head. The faceplate was still open, framing a circle of uneasy water and brassy sky; he could see the beach resort a mile from where the Seahorse was anchored, and the tide rip where the Atlantic met the bay. Another fishing boat went by, running for cover.

"A blind man could see it's going to blow!" Pop Ryan complained. "You want us to drag anchor with you on the bottom?"

"I'm going down," Johnny Magruder said tightly.

Pop looked at Pete Jones, who was standing by to tend Johnny's lines, and shrugged helplessly. Pop was too old to stand pressure any more, but he knew diving, and he knew the salvage business.

"What'll you get out of that hulk?" he argued. "A handful of juke-box nickels. Maybe a few bucks from the cash register in the dining room. And if the bank finds out we left port with the mortgage overdue on this tug, we're sunk!"

"If they find out, it'll be because you let that newspaperman aboard yesterday when I was down," Johnny retorted.

"Yeah? How did I know he was a reporter? Everybody knows the Silver Wave went down here, but why you have to waste our time—"

"I've got reasons," Johnny said stubbornly. "I'm diving, not you. All you've got to do is sit on your duff and tend my lines!"

He rose and clumped heavily to the ladder. Pete shut his faceplate and helped him over the side. Pop attached the combination telephone and lifeline to his breastplate. "Can you hear me?" he asked.

"Roger," Johnny said. "And I'm tired of you beating your gums."

He grasped the bales and backed down until the water lapped greedily over his belt. He valved air into the suit and looked across the deck at the resort's pier. The Silver Wave had come this near to safety . . .

Water closed green over his faceplate, and the helmet bubbled as he adjusted the exhaust valve. Pete towed him aft to the descending line he had secured to the hulk in yesterday's dive, then slipped the manila safety halter. On deck they watched bubbles rising in an iridescent chain as he went down swiftly, legs locked around the line.

Pop put his hand over the transmitter. "Fool kid!" he growled. "Diving for peanuts, and a storm coming up."

**A** HUNDRED and ten feet down, his weighted shoes struck the Silver Wave's canted foredeck. Despite the urgency driving him, he stood for an unhurried minute getting his bearings, regulating air supply and exhaust until buoyancy in his helmet lifted its weight from his shoulders. Neither Pop nor Pete Jones could understand what had brought him here: it was a secret, a haunting memory that kept him awake at night. It was like the pressure you felt on the bottom, biting into the blood and bone of you until there was a bubble between your ears and you couldn't think. And he had lived with it now for more than two years . . .

He moved aft through a dim green translucence of sunlight filtered by shifting tons of water. The deck slanted sharply to port, and silt and marine growth made the way treacherous.

"Sound off, kid!" Pop said anxiously in his headset.

"I'm okay," Johnny answered. "Don't bother me!"

He came to the shattered entrance to the main

lounge. The Silver Wave had been an old coastal steamer, spending her last 20 years on an overnight run, the butt of low vaudeville jokes. She had a wooden superstructure, and now Johnny saw how fiercely it must have been burning that night before the quenching waters closed overhead.

There was a fallen boom here, and he crossed it, carefully laying lifeline and air hose behind. He tested the storm step for sharp edges that might fray them, and went through feet first. Now the light faded and was gone; the lounge's upholstered furniture was piled near the entrance in a soggy mass that fell apart rottenly as he pushed his way through. He thought, even numbers port side, odd numbers starboard, and clawed and pulled up the slant toward the starboard passageway.

"It's blowing now," Pop told him. "Listen, kid, there won't be time for decompression stages if you stay down much longer. We'll have to hoist you fast and put you in the tank."

Johnny Magruder didn't answer. He had found a stateroom door, and his heart leaped as he groped for the metal numeral like a blind man reading Braille. Seven and Stateroom Nine would be next, and that was where I saw her last, with the light on her hair, a woman with a kewpie doll in her arms like she was holding a baby . . .

He moved on, forgetting to breathe. His hands were stretched out before him like a sleepwalker's, feeling for the door he remembered. That way he found the caved-in overhead, with blackened beams and a mass of heat-twisted pipes hanging like jungle creepers, jamming the door of Stateroom Nine. Jamming it from the outside. And maybe it had been blocked this way before she awoke on that night of remembered tenderness and swift, haunting horror.

He cursed. Pop Ryan said, "You having trouble, kid? Why don't you sing, like they made you do in the Navy? If

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# The Girl in STATEROOM

Fathoms down through the water's darkness he went to Stateroom 9 and  
the woman he loved — the girl who had been holding a kewpie doll in her  
arms just before the crash, just before the waters closed over the Silver Wave

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSBY



Drawn for Maclean's by Walt Kelly

## POGO'S PAL KELLY

Walt Kelly's swampland satire is the hottest newcomer in the strip parade. A paunchy possum

is the hapless hero in this daily drammer which pokes fun at the schemes of mice and men

By HARRISON FISHER

A NEW YORKER in a Greenwich Village bar recently overheard a girl say to the bartender, "Got to get Pogo on the Japara to Aden, be back later." Man said, "I don't get half of this be-bop talk they talk now." The bartender replied, "It's a new comic strip. She saves it up for her boy friend—works for an oil company in Arabia somewhere. Japara's a ship goes there. You never heard of Pogo?" He handed the customer an evening paper and another digit was added to Pogo's advancing millions of readers.

Pogo, an Aesopian or talking-animal cartoon by Walt Kelly, is the rising comic strip of the day. In the nine months since Pogo the possum invaded the

funny pages he has collected 100 newspapers from the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal to the Vancouver (B.C.) Sun. Currently a new paper is taking on the midget marsupial every 48 hours. At this tempo Kelly's syndicate suspects that next year Pogo may be strutting in the fast company of Blondie, Li'l Abner, Dick Tracy and Joe Palooka, strips which appear in more than 400 newspapers.

Pogo and his animal associates, who call themselves "nature's screechers," reside in a swamp located vaguely in the Deep South. Pogo, the hapless hero, is thrown in with creatures of indifferent morals, stubbornness, blustering ignorance and folly. There is a character in swampland for anyone you know: Albert the Alligator, a raffish street-corner type; Dr. Howland Owl, a big-time scientist; Churchy La Femme, a happy-go-lucky turtle; Beauregard the Houn' Dog, an amateur

criminologist; and Porkypine, a sourpuss philosopher. Connoisseurs of contemporary fable are already comparing Pogo with George Herriman's Krazy Kat and Don Marquis' archy and mehitabel.

Walt Kelly is not the first cartoonist to practice metempsychosis, or the passage of souls into animals. When editors first saw Pogo they rumbled, "Another blasted talking-animal strip." They have had many a vocal beastie cross their desks into the wastebasket. Furthermore, Pogo stood a good chance of being mown down by gangsters, crank scientists, and enemy agents who shoot it out with the good guys across the comic pages. The worst thing that happens to a Kelly character is to have a foursome of field mice play bridge inside his stomach, an event which once befell Albert the Alligator. Kelly commits that most serious offense possible on the comic pages—he makes you laugh.



## DR. OWL ONCE DUG THE SWAMP FOR A SQUARE ROOT



Walter Crawford Kelly, 35, Philadelphia-born, is a fellow who could pass as the new English lit instructor or an up-and-coming underwriter. He wears heavy-shafted glasses and a cigar. His neat bluchers are cleverly built to disguise his cloven hoofs. He combs his brown hair in such a way as to cover his short horns, and he hides his reed pipe under a lawn handkerchief in the breast pocket of a tweed jacket. This disguise allows him to sally out of his secret swamp in Connecticut and pass in and out of New York without being picked up by the police for transmogrification without a witch's license.

He has most people fooled, but he was recently exposed by a four-year-old citizen of Nashville, Tenn., named Grace Martha Atkins. She was bagged by the police as she debarked from a bus in Chattanooga 200 miles away. Grace broke down under grilling and confessed that she had run away from home to see Albert the Alligator. Kelly does not know how she discovered Albert's whereabouts, but he is glad that the police prevented her from taking up with Albert, whom he considers a bad influence on the young.

Pogo's followers (he's read overseas from Ireland to Indo-China) seem to be several cuts above the average or Dick Tracy type reader. Many of them preface notes to their local editors with, "This is the first time I have written to an editor." They are the rarest of newspaper readers; their loyalty is fierce and spreads by word of mouth.

Robert N. Hall, Kelly's syndicate manager, says Canadian editors are particularly hard to sell a new feature. "Pretty tough catfish to get on your line. Funny thing is they grabbed Pogo right away."

Pogo appears in the Hamilton Spectator, the Peterborough Examiner, the Ottawa Journal, the Vancouver Sun, the Edmonton Journal, the Kingston Whig-Standard, the Montreal Herald and the Toronto Globe and Mail.

The Globe and Mail's managing editor, R. A.

Farquharson, didn't like Pogo at first, but was surrounded by enthusiasts in the newsroom and broke down and bought it when his son came home from University of Toronto Schools talking Pogo talk. The Montreal Herald acquired Pogo as the result of pleas from the staff of a rival paper, the Montreal Star. The Star does not publish comics so the staff appealed to the Herald to furnish Pogo. Canadian clients report that Pogo draws more letters than the rest of their comics combined. Roy E. Raeburn, a reader of the Globe and Mail, sent a characteristic comment: "Pogo—the greatest thing since confederation!"

Pogo's fan club includes the oft-quoted N. Y. Post's drama critic, Richard Watts Jr., who recently wrote, "The most cheering recent development in comic strips is the arrival of the incomparable Pogo in color on Sundays."

A Toronto man wrote, "I have been cutting out Pogo and making a scrapbook for my young daughter when she gets old enough to understand the dialect." A student at Northwestern University Law School wrote Kelly, "Do little kids like Pogo? Do they like it for the same reason adults do?"

Kelly lives in a sidehill cottage sort of house near Darien, Conn., on the old King's Highway between New York and Boston. A 200-year-old inn and blacksmith shop adjoin his house. "George Washington's brother slept here," he explains.

The interior of chez Kelly abounds with toys and picture books, collected by three merry brown-eyed grigs, Kathleen Kelly, 7, Caroline Kelly, 5, and Peter Kelly, 3. Mrs. Kelly, slight, grey-eyed, met the cartoonist at choir practice in Bridgeport 20 years ago.

Kelly draws Pogo in the living room amid a swarm of Kellys. He never pulls rank on the kids. Kathleen's return from school is announced by a knock on the door and a cry, "Little Pig. Little Pig. Let me in. Let me in." Kelly gets up and opens the door.

Continued on page 52



To cartoonist Kelly the folk in his pen-and-ink zoo are just the ordinary guys you meet every day.

## NATURE'S SCREECHERS SEEK THE ADAM BOMB SECRET





HILLIARD

Once Fred Mendel had 12 plants in seven countries and five homes. When swept from Europe by the Nazis he brought jobs and a foreign glamour to a startled Saskatoon.



HILLIARD

With daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren, Fred and Clare Mendel pose before two pieces of his art collection. Actor Cameron Mitchell (at left) married Johanna.

## Tinned Meat And Old Masters

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

Out of a princely past this prairie packer started over to build a new fortune in the land he chose from posters

**I**N SASKATOON they call it a success story. After all, it's the city's biggest industry. Grossed about \$10 millions last year.

But to Fred Mendel his Intercontinental Packers' plant on the edge of the prairie city is not quite that impressive. He once had 12 plants in seven European countries, and five homes scattered internationally for his convenience. He insists, "Please, do not speak of this as a great success. This is a small plant. A small business."

To be sure, his tinned hams, spreads, bologna, tinned tongue, other assorted products, are sold from England to Puerto Rico. His trade names of "Olympic Brand" and "Europa Hams" appear on shop shelves in Venezuela and Newfoundland, Bermuda, Australia and cities of the U. S. and Canada.

Fred Mendel wishes he had more tins to send to more places around the world. He wants new commercial worlds to conquer just as he did when he was a boy in Westphalia, Germany.

Westphalia has always been famous for its hogs and the Mendels had a background of 500 years in the meat-packing business. From boyhood up Fred Mendel had taken active interest in the family business, traveling in Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium and Poland, buying for his father's factories. When his father, Robert Mendel, died, he inherited the business.

The packing plants survived World War I, and in 1920 Mendel joined with Harry Poels, of Antwerp, who owned a huge livestock purchasing and selling business with branches in every nation in Europe, as well as connections in the Argentine and Canada. The combination of Harry Poels' knowledge of livestock and Fred Mendel's knowledge of curing and packing made a great team and a great deal of money.

When the shadow of the swastika rose over Europe, the German Jew Fred Mendel moved before it. From native Germany to Poland in Poland, then to Budapest in 1934, four years later to Sofia, then Turkey, and finally to the United States, to Montreal, and so to Saskatoon.

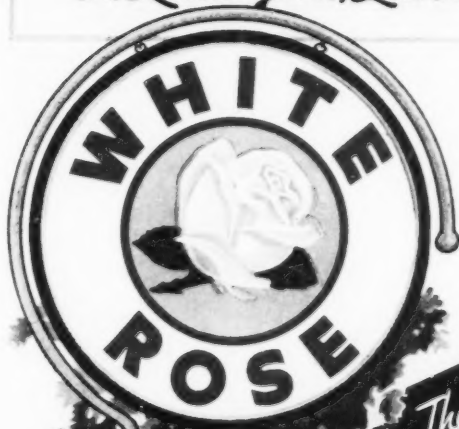
Mendel says he settled in Canada (rather than the U. S., Australia, South America or Africa) because as a small boy traveling with his parents he used to see pictures

*Continued on page 42*





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# Exercise is the Bunk —

You don't drive your car at 80, it wears out the machinery. And your body will wear out too if you race it recklessly. So take this man's advice next time you feel like exercising — lie down quietly someplace till the feeling goes away

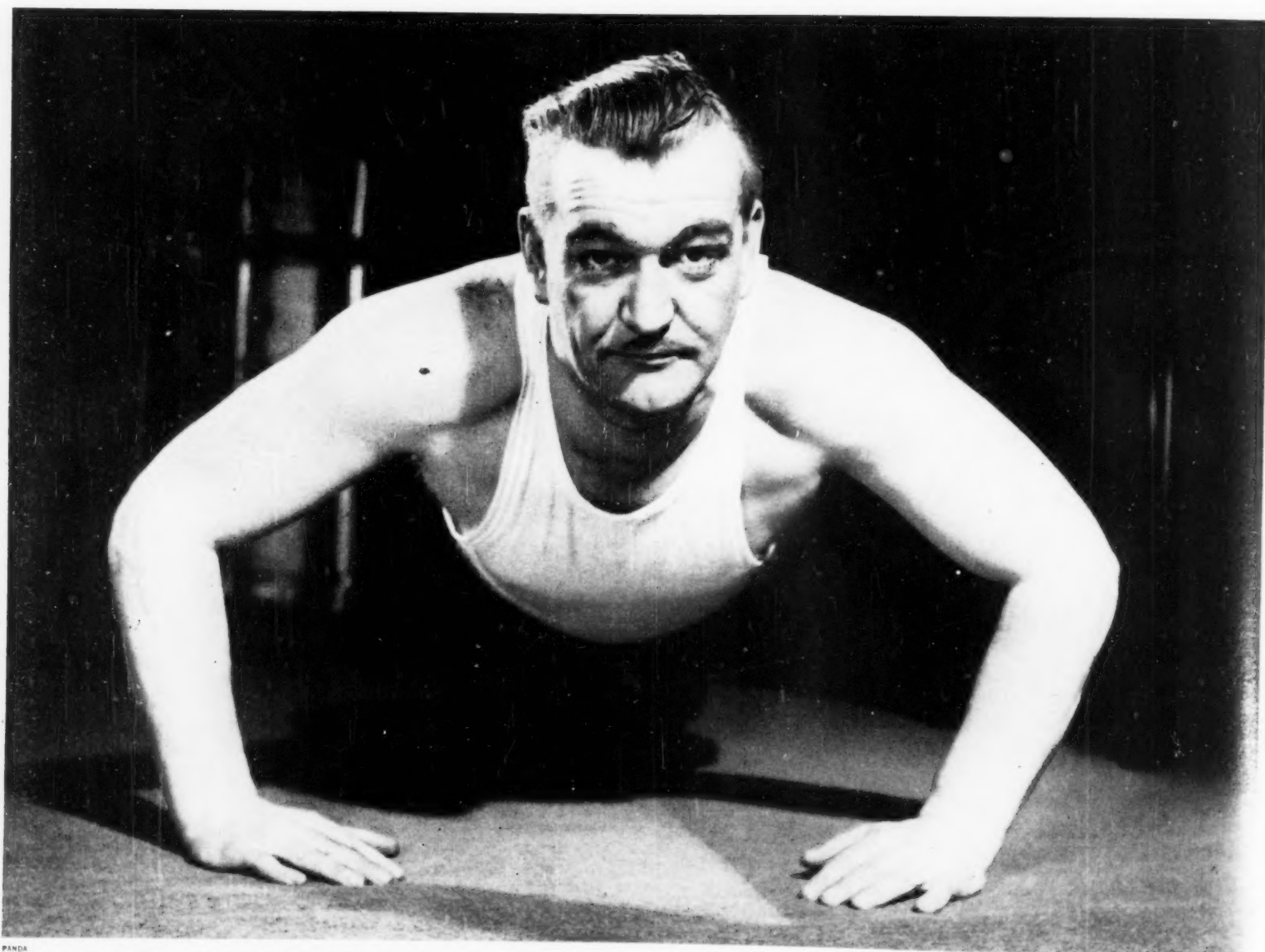
By MORTON HUNT

**T**HROUGH the combined efforts of the world's gym instructors, reducing experts, drill sergeants and dumbbell manufacturers the really startling truth about exercise, physical culture and muscle madness has been kept hidden from us all — that exercise is a black fraud.

With very few exceptions scientists have found that it doesn't ward off disease, it doesn't prolong life, that it generally does only one thing for you: it makes you able to do more and harder exercises.

It is only occasionally helpful. It is quite often harmful. But for the most part it has absolutely no net effect on your general state of well-being.

South Africa's top-notch psychologist, Dr. Ernst Jokl, summed it up pretty well the other day when he said that "physical training as such is incapable of generally improving a man's health." And Jokl



PENDA

Here's a fellow who hasn't heard about Mark Twain. Mark used to yawn that he took his exercise pallbearing for energetic friends. Then he up and died at 75



# Relax

is the bird who personally planned the exercises which were supposed to make the South African constabulary more efficient.

Besides causing a tremendous amount of waste time, money, energy and food intake, exercise puts totally unnecessary loads on your body. You don't race your car at 80 unless you have to; it wears out the machinery. Same thing with your body. During heavy exercise the heart has to send out four or five times as much blood as usual. The muscle cells undergo a rate of metabolism 10 or 12 times normal. Blood pressure and temperature zoom up, putting a fierce strain on blood vessels, heart and blood cells.

That's all right for professional athletes, but for the rest of us it's crazy. You wouldn't mistreat anyone else that way; why do it to yourself? For those over 40 violent exercise should be classified by law as a form of mayhem or attempted suicide. The heart, blood vessels, and organs of even a healthy adult of 40 or more have become a bit brittle, and will be strained and worn by every excessive exertion. Studies of human occupations show that the body wears out faster the harder it is run at excessive speeds.

Maybe our love of exercise is simply a sign of national immaturity. Some of the oldest civilizations don't bother with it. Who ever saw a muscular Hindu sage? The exercises of the Yogis are relaxing in nature, not brawn-building.

American novelist Henry Morton Robinson tells the story of the Chinese philosopher who once happened to see two Englishmen panting and sweating over a ferocious game of tennis on a hot summer day. He was puzzled. "Couldn't you hire some coolies to do this sort of thing for you?" he asked them.

It was Mark Twain who said he got all his exercise by acting as pallbearer at the funerals of those of his friends who exercised regularly. He died at 75.

## Hitler Liked Muscles—On Others

**W**HEN a man's life depended on his ability to fight wildcats barehanded, muscles were of some use. No modern businessman would make a very good showing in a tussle with a sabre-toothed tiger. But then the Piltown Man would look pretty silly wrestling with an income tax form. In any case, the businessman will outlive Mr. Piltown by a good 40 years, which ought to prove something.

There probably was no greater exponent of the muscular attitude than Adolf Hitler who praised violent activity as the highest form of manhood. In early 1939, before war broke out, a group of husky, well-muscled German boys visited England for a series of athletic contests. The British boys, according to Professor David Burns, of the University of Durham, were by comparison gangling, lanky, and ill-disciplined. They whipped the daylight out of the Germans. This feat was repeated during the years 1939-45.

A few weeks ago Dr. Robert Darling, of Columbia University, who has spent 20 years in physiological research, reported the evidence that exercise brings good health or long life is "extremely meagre; in fact, I've never really seen any."

Then why would anyone want to exercise? Answer: To build himself up, to make himself better. Question: *Continued on page 41*



Hey, take it easy! Don't you know that body will wear out? What do you need more muscle for, anyway?



A certain amount is okay when you're as fit as Bebe Shopp (Miss America). This is at Deauville, France.

THE BEST GO TO AYLMER

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Your family deserves  
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## The Saskatchewan, Prairie Nile

Continued from page 13

insist he's gobbled their livestock.

Edmonton is the first of the prairie cities strung out along the river's tawny course like beads on a string. Here, as everywhere, the Saskatchewan plays its two-faced role—angel and ogre.

The North Branch is the city's only source of drinking water and in the winter it is the scene of the annual ice harvest when great blocks are cut for summer use. The river gives Edmonton its winding boulevards, like Saskatchewan Drive with a view for every home. It also gives it the flat tree-shaded parkland under its high banks, the four bridges which span it and the lovely curves which break the prairie monotony. In the early days Edmonton bush pilots with float or ski planes used it as a landing strip.

Yet the river is a devourer. Edmonton children learn early to keep away from it. It's illegal to swim in the river yet scores of youngsters have been drowned by its dangerous undertow and treacherous current. When U. S. swimming champion Marvin Nelson gave an exhibition in the river in the 30's he warned that even the strongest swimmer should shun it. The High Level Bridge is still Edmonton's favorite "suicide leap."

In 1915, during Edmonton's worst flood, railroad cars loaded with sand were used to weigh down the Low Level Bridge and save it from the river's fury. A group of sea cadets last summer had their 30-foot power ketch hurled on a gravel bar, canceling a trip to Prince Albert after only 15 miles of navigation. In the old days steamboat dance cruises often ended abruptly when the dancers had to get out on a sand bar and push.

Devon, the first model town on the Prairies, lies on a lovely bend of the North Branch. It is named after the Devonian Limestone in which the great Alberta oilfields are located. Nothing like Devon ever happened in the West before, but it is the river that gives it its charm. The town, 15 miles southwest of Edmonton, is bounded by water on three sides. To the north the sheer banks are gaudy with the rich colorings of the local strata. In autumn aspens turn yellow and the river, by then having deposited its silt, is blue as the sky. Oil well sites are located on the brink of the south bank. One is on the river's shore 200 feet below the town. Now there is talk of drilling for oil on the river's islands.

### Safety From the Scalpers

Downstream from Edmonton and past the Alberta - Saskatchewan boundary the North Branch separates the historic town of Battleford (North West Rebellion, 1885) from North Battleford, centre of a flourishing agricultural district. Seen from the air the river meanders across a patchwork of fields. Its valleys and those of the confluent Battle River are one lovely curve after another, of wooded slopes and stretches of wide horizons. Many of the older buildings on the banks have a few boards salvaged from the flat-bottomed boats which came to their end on the river's shoals.

The North Branch swoops in a deep, southward curve between the Battlefords and Prince Albert. Many of the Prince Albert lots are old river lots—about 10 chains wide by two miles long—surveyed this way for early settlers who built their homes close together and on the river for protection from the Indians.

Here, as all along the river, there is great excitement over the perennial spring gamble on the ice breakup. In April no one breathes normally until the earth suddenly shudders and the long silent stream comes to life.

Prince Albert hasn't been so happy about Cole Lam, the structure about 28 miles from town which slipped off the river's old mud bed three decades ago to put the city, and many of its citizens, seriously in the red. Cole Lam was an ambitious scheme to produce power, but the river wasn't ready to be tamed. All that remains is one large concrete spur around which the North Branch swirls defiantly. Today it is a minor tourist attraction but most old-timers prefer to remember nothing about it whatever—especially those taxpayers who are still paying for it.

Just beyond Prince Albert the South Branch of the Saskatchewan joins the North.

The South Branch starts out as the Bow River in the Rockies, gathering up the waters of Bow Lake and Lake Louise. It is the green stream which romps past the C.F.R. tracks and the highway between Lake Louise and all the way down to Calgary. The big foothills ranchers all use its streams for stock watering. Beside it Calgary has built its clean buildings and its famous Stampede. Its waters lap the high boots of back-aching irrigation farmers and it has helped boost Southern Alberta's seed production to the highest in Canada.

### Here It Meets an Oldman

Bubbles breaking its surface at Medicine Hat back in the 80's led to discovery of the subterranean lakes of natural gas which freed Southern Albertans from having to shovel coal and ashes for their furnaces. That casual discovery today generates electrical power for homes, for the high temperatures required to fire bricks and pottery, for pumping water to irrigate alfalfa fields. It led to the myth that Medicine Hat never turns off its lights because it's cheaper to leave them burning.

The Bow becomes the South Branch proper when it meets the Oldman River between Lethbridge and Medicine Hat. Here it becomes the river of the Prairies, the only real river in the whole arid land where rainfall is low and summers are almost tropical. Yet it has brought the country its world wheat championships and helped develop the tough nourishing grass which builds beef steers and sheep.

During the dry cycles, when rainfall drops below 16 inches, the river is a torment to women who need water to rinse their babies' diapers and the despair of men who have not any means of lifting it from 200 to 500 feet to water gardens and fodder and livestock. Then the dust blows, crops fail, cattle starve unless they are fed stored or imported fodder, and people make poignant jokes about children of five or five who never saw a rainstorm.

Surveys show that Saskatchewan water could be used to irrigate about 3 million acres. Three million acres where soil wouldn't blow, where crops (like sugar beet) and fodder are assured year after year would go a long way toward combating the dry cycles and stabilizing prairie economy. Now fewer than 500,000 acres of the province are irrigated.

Well-known irrigation expert, Dr. L. B. Thomson, director of the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act, says the development of the untapped resources of the Saskatchewan River is "one of the most important and complex problems in the field of resources management."

Continued on page 28



## LITTLE PLUMBING

## IDEAS

THAT PAY

## Big Dividends



In bathrooms or kitchens, addition of one or two inexpensive little plumbing items can often make a world of difference in convenience and efficiency. There are many ideas you'll want to have in mind when considering bathroom and kitchen improvement. Some examples are given here. Your Plumbing and Heating Contractor can tell you all about these and many similar suggestions—can show you how best they may be applied to your own particular requirements.

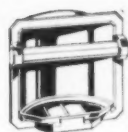


**STOP**—Do you have to shut off the whole water system—disrupt the entire household—in order to make an adjustment on one little faucet? Many people do. Indeed, in some cases the

heating system, too, is put out of action for the duration of the job. It's unnecessary. The answer: "Local Stops". These are simply little shut-off valves conveniently located near each fixture. Those for lavatories (wash basins), for example, are placed on the water supply pipes just beneath the fixture. They are quite inconspicuous, and since all Crane Local Stops are invariably chrome-plated, they harmonize perfectly with modern trim. They cost little—can save a lot of trouble and inconvenience.



**MIXING**—When planning a bathroom, it's well worth while considering the advantages of the "mixing spout faucet" for the wash basin. This supplies water at the desired temperature from one spout—instead of having separate streams of hot and cold. Selection of this type should be decided at the planning stage, because the type of fixture fitted with individual faucets initially may not be adaptable to a combination fitting later. With a modern mixing spout faucet, there's no more numbing of the fingers from the cold faucet, or possible scalding from the hot. It's economical, too, for it draws off only the amount of warm water you desire. The same idea applies of course to the fittings for the kitchen sink. Here a change from the old system can be easily effected.



**HARMONY**—Don't overlook the possibilities of increasing the attractive appearance of the bathroom by selecting smart accessories that will harmonize with modern fixtures and fittings. Today many strikingly beautiful bathroom items—soap holders, toothbrush and tumbler holders, towel bars, etc.—are available. For example, Gerity-ware, designed in "Lifetime Chrome" to harmonize with the modern trend in building, offers a complete line of distinctive accessories to complement any bathroom arrangement and fixtures. Shown is a smart soap holder and grab rail. And speaking

of accessories—when planning a bathroom, be sure to allow plenty of towel bar space.

**CARE**—The gleaming surfaces of modern Crane bathroom fixtures—tubs, toilets and lavatories—are made of enduring materials. They will retain their original beauty through the years, provided of course that they are treated with reasonable care. Actually the glaze on vitreous china and on the enamel on cast iron or steel fixtures belongs to the silica family of minerals. In other words although opaque, it is a variety of glass. So treat it accordingly! Here are a few simple rules to follow:

Don't allow a faucet to keep on dripping, or discoloration of the fixture,

will result. Replace washers promptly, or, better still, have your plumber install the new "Dial-Ese" finger-tip-control faucets that close with the pressure.

In the case of chinaware, avoid running very hot water into a fixture previously chilled by cold water (and vice versa) . . . Avoid banging anything against the surface of enamelled iron or steel fixtures—or dropping hard or sharp-edged objects on it. When you fill a pail in the bath or laundry tub, hold it clear of the side; never set it down unless on a pad . . . The same applies to utensils on the kitchen sink . . . Be particularly careful to avoid abrasion of enamelled surfaces, either from encrusted pots and pans, or through the use of harsh cleansers.

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*Continued from page 26*  
ment with which Canada is faced today."

Accustomed to wide horizons people along the South Branch take superlatives for granted. The Mitchell's 50,000-acre ranch below Medicine Hat, right on the river, is only one of many huge holdings. Great herds of white-faced Herefords are as common as big flocks of sheep; wheat fields are a mile square; and recurrent dust storms penetrate storm windows that most folks wash and put up again each spring. Well-known rancher William T. Smith built the largest barn in the world near Leader. There's still plenty of room to breathe, still a laugh at the old joke, "Who's your nearest neighbor?" and the old reply, "God!" Along the Saskatchewan the population averages from one to six to the square mile.

Towns on the South Branch are few and far between, and there aren't many bridges, except at Medicine Hat and Saskatoon. People living north of Swift Current have been agitating for an improvement on the old four-vehicle ferry at the Landing for so long that they believe the work now well under way is a mirage. Sometimes there are as many as 200 vehicles a day to cross.

In many places the river is a barrier which keeps people four or five miles apart from knowing each other. One woman says she has lived beside it for 23 years without ever crossing. She could swap similar experiences with many other women who have looked down at the swift, treacherous tawny stream and wondered where it went, where it came from.

#### A Pulse for Saskatoon

Past the town of Elbow, near the site chosen for the big South Branch dam, the river meanders on, deep in the valley it has cut through the soft rock, past wind chargers and grain elevators and the endless blanket stitching of telegraph poles, on to Saskatoon.

Saskatoon lies on the edge of the arid prairie known as Palliser's Triangle. Here, in the early days, pioneers used to stand on the river bank and attempt to exhort passengers coming down on the steamer May Queen to stop off and make their town a great city. The river is Saskatoon's pulse. Its bridges are part of its character. In summer, youngsters in the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve train on the dammed-up stretch of river below the bridges. In winter, people learn to skate below their overhead strings of lights. Saskatoon's soil is rich enough, with the aid of river water, to produce gladioli blooms that regularly exceed 20 inches. The river's left bank is a worthy site for the grey stone buildings of the University of Saskatchewan.

Yet, here as everywhere, the river can be a monster. Old-timers still remember the spring of 1904 when the citizens of the new town were first gloating over the new CNR bridge. On April 15 great boulders of ice broke away from the swollen stream. The acres of ice and the rush of water broke off the bridge's wooden piers like pipestems. With a terrible crunching sound the first span gave way.

The cry spread across Saskatoon, "The bridge is going down." The whole town stopped work and rushed to the river bank to see the river tear away span after span, to watch the rails dangle in mid-air briefly before they went down with the current.

It was a terrible setback to settlers waiting with all their belongings to cross over to the quarter section of their dreams. As a former mayor put it: "Bad enough that cars might be stalled on the east side of the river but a

thousand times worse that they should be stranded at Regina." Many of the settlers never reached Saskatoon but went elsewhere.

Nearly 50 years later the hazard is lessened only by improved methods of combating it. In 1947 the big railway bridge at St. Louis, north of Saskatoon, was saved by flat carloads of gravel rushed to the scene to hold it down. A dam or weir has been built at Saskatoon, allowing some boating on the river. But the current still takes its toll. Just last year three university students went over the top of the weir in a canoe; one was drowned.

#### Water for Pea Soup Peas

The South Branch flows past Maple Grove Farm at Rosthern where Seager Wheeler five times won world wheat championships. "Sig" Wheeler started out in a sod shack, like most pioneers 40 to 50 years back, and ended up with an L.L.D. from Queen's for his contributions toward harder wheat. He faced hail, rust, frost and drought with the faith and optimism which are part of the Saskatchewan way of life. He met the challenge.

It was near Rosthern that big Tom Houli swam the river with dispatches from General Middleton at the time of the second Riel Rebellion in 1885. Gen. Middleton had to get word to Col. Irvine of the North West Mounted Police, at Prince Albert. The river was a torrent of spring floods and jagged ice floes. There was no other way to cross. So Tom stripped off his clothes, stowed them and the dispatches in a small cradle raised above a miniature raft, and took the string between his teeth. Plunging into the water he pushed his way between chunks of ice and swam to the far shore, his body smashed and bleeding. After that he walked 16 miles to reach the North Branch at besieged Prince Albert.

The two Branches, so close together at Rosthern, meander side by side in a two-toned ribbon for miles before they merge to form the base of the "Y." Each year about 18 million acre feet of water flow by here on the way to Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, most of it in a mad springtime flood.

From the air the steep, eroded banks look like the back of a horned dinosaur. Settlements peter out to end near Nipawin, the busy agricultural settlement on the edge of the forest, the community which grows, among other crops, peas which are shipped to Quebec to make *habitant* soup. At Nipawin the river leaves the farming land behind and is into frontier country.

The main river has the look and the smell of the North as it goes below Nipawin, a long length of rickrack braid on a vast stretch of dark green jack pine. Here and there the water shows white at its many rapids. Gradually the steep banks lower until the white-painted buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company's Cumberland House gleam through the green and water, 160 air miles downstream from Prince Albert.

At Cumberland House post manager Ed McLean and Mrs. McLean talk about "coming in" and "going out," their only contact with "outside" being by air or on the river. The latest river craft is a sturdy landing boat which saw service at Dieppe. The mountie's house and that of the government are, like most of the Indians' homes, built of logs. So is the little hospital where Indian women are encouraged to come to have their black-eyed babies.

The fur trade is the business of Cumberland House and that trade still turns out men who are not easily forgotten.

"I'm 83," one fur trader remarked

not long ago. "All my life I've made hard trips on the trap lines. I've eaten my moccasins to keep from starving, cut away gangrene with my hunting knife, suffered heat and cold, blackflies and mosquitoes. I've got 75 children here and there along the traplines. And I'd like to take one more trip and make it an even 100."

A practical joke of early fur-trade days was to let a newcomer steer his canoe into a false channel and then guffaw as he retraced his way and searched for the channel of the main stream. To anyone flying the lower Saskatchewan today the joke looks far too practical, for there are at least 100 channels. Each year they change.

In the low country the river becomes a wilderness of fine veins threading through the jack pine and muskeg. At The Pas (elevation 843, population 3,800) log booms and small boats force planes to land on nearby Grace Lake. Planes come in often from the south and wing north to the ore mines at Flin Flon and Sherridon and Lynn Lake. Tom Lamb operates a large transport company founded in 1900, and has his own Norsemen. The whistle of the sawmill cuts the day into tidy portions.

The Saskatchewan helps give The Pas its winter entertainment — the dog derby. Cries of "Mush!" echo across the still white path of the river to mingle with the whir of ski-equipped planes and the roar of tractors. And when the nights are long, as they are up at the 54th parallel, The Pas takes to square dancing, calling off in mixtures of French, Cree and English to gay and happy crowds.

Below The Pas and to the north of the blue Pasquia Hills the Saskatchewan widens into 40-mile Cedar Lake where the river drops the thousands of tons of silt it is constantly moving from the Prairies and parkland. Then, when you think it has completely lost itself, it becomes a river again, clear and blue as nowhere else on its course.

For a few miles then the Saskatchewan runs down a deep, wide channel through the new hard rock, a channel down which pours all the drain-off of the Rockies from Montana to the Icefields, from its 150,000-square mile basin.

#### "Go Softly by That Riverside"

At the mouth, where the mighty Saskatchewan empties into the inland sea of Lake Winnipeg, lies Grand Rapids, once the greatest obstacle of all to the *voyageurs*.

From the icy cascades at its source, down the twisting, tortuous branches, down the rickrack of the main stream that loses itself in Cedar Lake, to the great rush of clear water at Grand Rapids — always the Saskatchewan will be part of the reality honored by white men and brown-skinned natives in the treaty phrase, "While the sun shines and the water runs."

Rudyard Kipling sensed what it means to the tourist and the rancher, the bush pilot and the busy farmer's wife, what it meant years ago to the trader and the *voyageur* in whose children's veins ran the blood of the two races who have made it come. Kipling summed up the Blackfoot saying and the challenge more aptly than he knew:

"Go softly by that riverside or when you would depart,

You'll find its every winding trail and knotted round your heart.

Be wary as the seasons pass, for you may ne'er outrun

The wind that sets the yellowed grass ashiver 'neath the sun." \*





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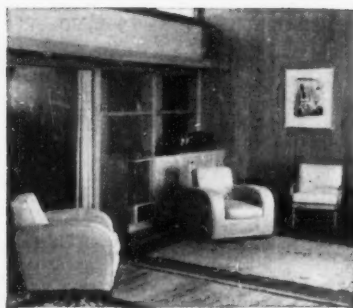
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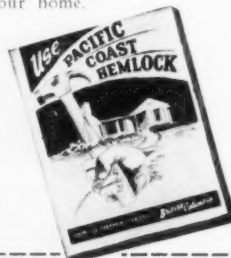
The accompanying photograph illustrates how Pacific Coast Hemlock can beautify your home. The interesting grain makes any panelled room bright and charming. The natural color of Pacific Coast Hemlock is a light golden tone which does not darken with age and can be easily stained if a darker shade is preferred. Its hard surface takes paint exceptionally well, leaving it satin smooth.

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## Eggs Are What You Make Them

*Continued from page 17*

applies, not quite as strongly, to the method of boiling for one minute and then taking the saucepan off the fire and leaving the egg in the hot water for as many more minutes as you would have boiled it in the ordinary way. Boiling by steam in a special gadget, while better, is apt to toughen the egg a bit too if you don't handle the thing just right.

To get a really tender egg, put in just enough cold water to cover it and bring the water to a full rolling boil. If you lift the egg out at the precise moment it will be cooked as much as if you'd boiled it by the standard method for exactly two minutes. That is to say it will still be very soft, and the white will barely have begun to firm.

If you like your egg harder than that leave it in the boiling water for one minute longer to get a three-minute egg, two minutes longer for a four-minute egg, and so on. Since it has come to the boiling point gradually the additional time at 212 degrees won't toughen it. You won't believe how much the cold-water-start method improves the taste until you try it.

The other part of the secret of how to boil eggs well is accurate timing. You can't teach an egg to wait around. So keep an eye on the kitchen clock or, better still, use an egg timer.

### Be Swift With the Scrambled

The most important single thing in all egg cookery is—don't use too much heat, and don't use it too suddenly.

With scrambled eggs the gentle touch really pays off. Good scrambled eggs, fully up to the most exacting standards, are a magnificent dish—a fine clear yellow, which can be of various shades but never pallid and wishy-washy, a little moist, with a faint buttery gleam, and tasting as rousing as a farmhouse breakfast on a frosty fall morning.

If you want scrambled eggs like that you can't use your double boiler. You must use a frying pan. It must be thick cast iron or aluminum and it shouldn't be too big. The egg mixture (we'll come to that presently) should fill it to a depth of at least a quarter of an inch when it's first poured in; the size of the pan depends on the number of eggs you're scrambling. The ideal allowance, unless your family or guests are famished, is two eggs per person.

Put your pan on the stove over medium heat for five minutes. While it is hotting up break the required number of eggs into a bowl and add a tablespoon of cold water for each egg. Salt and pepper to taste, then beat the eggs and water together with a fork lightly. Don't make bubbles and froth; mix the yolks and whites until they're almost but not entirely blended. You can use the same quantity of milk or even cream instead of water if you like, but water makes the final result lighter.

Drop a dab of butter (or margarine) into the pan, which should now be hot enough to melt it quickly but not brown it. Getting the heat just right is essential. If you aren't sure of the temperature of the pan test it with a tiny blob of butter before you put the rest in. And don't use too much. You only need enough to cover the bottom of the pan thinly and thoroughly, and to slosh around a bit so as to get the sides well greased.

As soon as you've done this (don't dawdle) pour in the beaten egg mixture and wait, fork in hand, for the stuff to begin to set. Then, very

gently, break it up with the fork—once, twice, maybe three times, with a pause between each breaking to let the mixture cook undisturbed. When it is firm but still moist and a little shiny, and is neither broken into tiny blobs nor left in large pieces, take the pan off the stove and serve your scrambled eggs right away.

Promptness in serving is essential. Egg dishes of all kinds must be eaten hot and fresh if they aren't to go sullen and lose the fine edge of their flavor. They suffer more from delay than almost anything else you can cook. The most celebrated example of this is the soufflé, which is apt to cave in if you leave it standing around for 30 seconds; but even poached eggs, often considered pretty rugged, start falling off the instant you take them out of the water.

So there we have another general principle. Don't waste any time getting cooked eggs to table. And make sure the plates you serve them on are really hot, not just lukewarm. You can do everything on the stove perfectly and yet spoil all your good work if you neglect this rule.

Nearly as much affected nonsense has been written about omelets as about wine. When I lived in France I read a lot of this high-flown claptrap myself and came under its spell for a while. Once I even traveled from Paris to Cherbourg, on the Channel coast, just to sample the omelets of a famous cook of that town.

The famous cook, when I got to her dark and airless little restaurant, turned out to be an old crone with a chin like the toe of a boot and the temperament of an opera star. She took my order condescendingly, looking over my head at the fly-specked mirror behind me, and creaked off to the kitchen. When she came back half an hour later she served me the omelet and stood waiting for the usual cry of wonder and joy at my first sight of her renowned specialty.

I'm afraid I hurt her feelings with complete silence, but I'd have hurt them more if I had said what I thought. The masterpiece was a pale yellow slab of wetish slurr which tasted pale yellow, too. I ate it largely because I didn't have the moral courage not to, and left Cherbourg by the next train.

But my journey hadn't been a total loss. I had learned that to me, a Canadian, the classic French omelet was something I wanted no part of ever again. Because it wasn't just the crone's masterpiece that tasted that way; virtually every omelet I ate in France was the same.

### Anything Goes in an Omelet

Over here most of us like our omelets a little puffy, and warmly and not too deeply browned. To get them that way it isn't necessary to fiddle around separating whites and yolks, beating like crazy, and cooking the result in the oven. Just proceed as for scrambled eggs, but with three important differences. The frying pan should be hotter, hot enough to brown but not scorch the butter (or margarine). The mixture, instead of being lightly beaten, should be beaten to a well-blended mass of bubbles and froth (but not foam). And when it has been poured into the pan the very second you stop beating, the pan should be covered—a tin pie plate upside down will do fine. Don't use milk or cream in the mixture; water does a far better and lighter job.

The omelet is done when the whole surface has cooked firm and none of it is runny—a point which should always be reached but never passed. To check on progress lift the cover and peek quickly once in a while.

To serve, run a knife or a spatula around the edge of the pan to free the omelet. Then scratch a shallow straight line across the surface exactly in the middle, and with a knife or spatula (plus the back of a big spoon or better still an egg lifter if the omelet is large) raise the half nearest you and fold it over the other half. Lift the omelet carefully out of the pan, lay it on a heated plate, and rush it to table.

If you want a cheese omelet simply have grated cheese ready beforehand (about one level teaspoon to each egg) and sprinkle the mixture with it as soon as you've poured it into the pan. Do the same with chopped mushrooms or whatever else you fancy; there's practically nothing that can't be added to an omelet at that stage. Remember, though, that whatever you do add won't get much cooking, so if cooking is indicated you'll have to do it before you put the mixture in.

I think it's only fair to point out that the recipe I've just given, while simple and easy, is a bit tricky. You may have mild failures until you get the hang of it. But all omelet making is tricky and most methods are even chancier than mine, and much more trouble.

Now for poaching. There are about a dozen ways, but the one I'm going to recommend is neat and simple and for my money it's the best. Once again I suggest a frying pan of the right size, though a saucepan will do very well. Put in enough water so that the egg will be barely covered. Add about half a teaspoon of salt and bring the water to a boil.

While it's hotting up break your eggs into a saucer, or a shallow soup plate if you're going to poach more than two, taking care not to bust the yolks. When the salted water starts to boil briskly reduce the heat until it's just a shade more than simmering. Then take a big spoon and stir the water around and around so that it swirls like a whirlpool. Instantly, before the spinning slows down, slide the raw eggs gently but swiftly from the saucer into the water. At once increase the heat so that the simmering, which will have stopped under the chilly impact of the eggs, starts again. Then wait and watch.

The poached eggs will be ready to serve when they're cooked enough to suit you. If you like the yolks firm, spoon hot water over them while the whites are cooking. Otherwise leave them alone.

The good things about this method of poaching are that it's gradual and gentle, and the whirlpool effect keeps the whites of the eggs from spreading in spidery threads all over the place. I suggest poaching four at a time as the absolute maximum; two at a time is really better.

You can always poach in shifts, so to speak, and either keep the first lots standing by in a warm oven until all are ready, or, preferably, serve each batch as soon as it's done. Make sure the eggs are thoroughly drained before you put them on the conventional piece of toast or on their plate. A soggy poached egg is a horror for which there is no excuse, considering how cheaply and easily you can get a perforated egg lifter that drains as it lifts.

### Yellow Velvet With a Tang

Ever heard of Eggs Benedict? It isn't an economical dish, but it isn't too expensive either and it makes a treat for the family or an effective main course for a luncheon party. As it's based on poaching I'll give you the recipe here just to show you what you can really do with the humble egg.

Assuming you're going to cook for four people and allow them two eggs

*Continued on page 32*



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## Scampers

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Continued from page 30

apiece you'll need 14 eggs (eight for poaching and six for the sauce). You'll also need eight pieces of very lean back bacon (or eight slices of lean ham), four half-inch slices of bread, one medium-sized lemon, and half a pound of butter.

About an hour before you're ready to start poaching separate the six eggs for the sauce and put the yolks, without a trace of the whites, into the top part of a double boiler. Cut the butter into six equal bits and drop them in with the yolks (the whites, which you won't be using, can be saved and kept in the refrigerator). Then add the juice of the lemon, season moderately with salt and add a pinch of cayenne pepper. Let all these things stand strictly alone in their boiler-top for at least half an hour in the warm kitchen.

When you're ready to start cooking put a little water in the bottom of the double boiler (it mustn't be deep enough to touch the bottom of the top part) and bring it to a very gentle boil. Next, fry the bacon or ham lightly, toast the bread and poach the eggs. Lay two slices of bacon or ham on each piece of toast, and on top of each meat-bedecked piece put two of the poached eggs. Put the four portions on plates and stash them in a warm oven while you make the sauce—which, incidentally, is called hollandaise.

The sauce. Fit the top half of the double boiler on to the bottom half and look at the clock; your sauce will take exactly two minutes. The instant the two halves of the boiler come together start stirring the yolks and butter gently yet firmly with a large spoon, preferably a wooden one. Around the end of the first minute lift the boiler top an inch or so (it's vital not to have too much heat at any stage and particularly now when you've almost finished) and go on stirring. Stop at the end of the second minute, right on the dot, pour the hollandaise over the waiting eggs and serve immediately.

Butter-yellow, velvety, just a shade tart from the lemon juice, this sauce is well up among the miracles of cookery. A lot of people have the idea it's hard to cook, but as long as you follow the instructions exactly you can't miss.

When it comes to frying eggs there are so many individual preferences, and they're so strongly held, that I hesitate to make any recommendations. Nevertheless I remind you not to rush things, and not to use too much heat too sud-

denly, because no matter how you like to fry an egg it'll taste better if you stick to my basic rules.

A fine variation on the fried-egg theme, also French, is *Oeufs au Beurre Noir*, Eggs with Black (actually dark brown) Butter. Ready?

Fry your eggs lightly, sunny side up, and set them aside to keep warm. When they're out of the pan turn up the heat and put in a generous tablespoon of butter for each egg cooked. The instant the butter has browned, take the pan off the fire and add two teaspoons of malt or wine vinegar for each tablespoon of butter, stir briefly, and pour the mixture over the eggs. Garnish them with chopped green onion (prepared beforehand), and there you are.

The last recipe I'm going to give you is Italian—Eggs Florentine. You'll need, per person to be served, half a pound of fresh spinach, one egg, one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, half a cup of rich milk, a little salt, a bit of pepper, and a quarter of a cup of grated Parmesan cheese.

### Maybe Blessings and Envy

Wash the spinach well and cook it lightly, using no water—the water left on the leaves after washing is enough. It's cooked when it's still firm and bright green and hasn't begun to darken noticeably. While the spinach is cooking run up a batch of plain ordinary cream sauce with the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. Put the spinach into little well-buttered individual baking dishes, allowing one dish for each person. Make a small hollow in the centre of each lot of spinach, break one egg into it and pour the sauce over all. Sprinkle them with plenty of grated Parmesan and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes or so until the sauce has set and the eggs beneath have cooked firm. After that put the dishes under the broiler to brown the cheese a bit and your Eggs Florentine are ready for the table.

Well, that's that. Since even the great Escoffier's 238 recipes are a mere indication of the different things you can do with eggs, the handful I've given looks mighty skimpy. But if you pay attention to the principles laid down along with them your egg cookery will take a definite turn for the better. Your family will bless you and your friends will envy you.

I figure that's fair enough. ★

### The Girl in Stateroom 9

Continued from page 19

you'd sing, I'd know you were all right."

"Pipe down and give me some slack!" Johnny said fiercely. It sounded to Pop as if he were crying.

IT WAS odd, but he had never known her name. She was in line to buy a ticket for passage on the Silver Wave, and Johnny Magruder, diver second class, Navy, was just behind her. As she opened her bag, a compact fell out and rolled in a wide circle. Both stooped to retrieve it, and bumped their heads together.

Johnny looked at her. She wore an absurd little hat and a grey tailored suit. She had blond hair and a nose with just the right impertinent tilt to it. Her eyes were very blue, and wide and calm.

"Hello," Johnny drawled, because you can't hang a man for trying.

"Where have you been all my life?" "Somewhere else, fortunately," she said coolly. Then, as he fielded the

compact and returned it, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. Going up on the Silver Wave?"

"Yes."

"So am I."

This coincidence obviously did not thrill her. Johnny tried a new tack as she was returning her coin purse to her bag. He handed her his ticket.

"Would you mind keeping this for me?"

"But why?"

"No pockets," he said with a helpless gesture. "I'd lose it."

"But suppose we missed each other at the pier?"

"We won't," Johnny grinned. "I'll find you in a million."

"All right," she said reservedly, putting the ticket in her bag. Then she went out on the sidewalk, looked around indecisively, and found Johnny at her elbow.

"Let's understand each other," she said with color flaming in her cheeks. "I'm not a pickup!"

"Oh, of course not! But you've got my ticket, you know, so I sort of have to keep track of you. Look—we've got

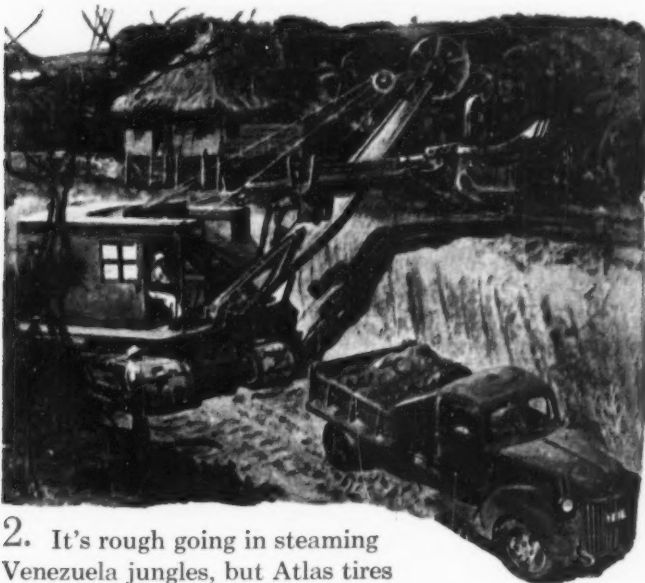
Continued on page 34



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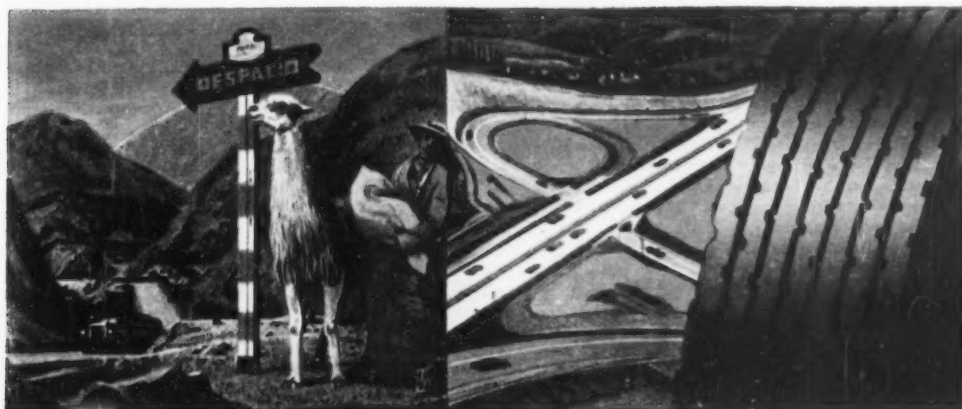
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## Ah, my Absorbine Jr.



Continued from page 32

two hours. There's an amusement park just down the street. How about it?"

She started to say no, but she looked at him and his grin was a good, clean, boyish grin. She laughed. He would always remember her laugh . . .

They rode the Big Dipper and the Giant Swing. They ate two bags of popcorn, and shot ducks in the shooting gallery. She insisted on making everything a Dutch treat.

"What's your name?" Johnny asked. "It doesn't matter, does it?" she countered. "It's been fun, but we won't see each other again."

"Maybe not. But I need some kind of name. I can't keep on saying, 'Hey, let's ride the merry-go-round!' can I?" "Why not?"

Johnny shrugged. "Okay, Hey!" he said, and she laughed again. They chunked the cats, and he won a big kewpie doll. "Mind carrying this, Hey?" he asked. "On me it looks silly. And no pockets, you know."

She carried it, and they boarded a ferris wheel. By this time he had noticed the proud way she carried her head, the husky note, soft and warm, in her voice. The motor stalled by some fortuitous circumstance, leaving them stranded at the top of the wheel for half an hour, while darkness came and whirling lights and lilting music made carnival below. And finally he held her unresisting hand.

Then it was time to go to the pier. At the gate she handed him both ticket and kewpie doll. He took the ticket.

"You keep the kewpie, Hey," he said. "I don't play with dolls. Look—why don't you have dinner with me?"

She hesitated, and he saw how naturally she cradled the doll in her arm. "I'd love to," she said simply. After dinner they danced once to the juke box, and then stood a long time on deck, watching the moon shimmer glide across the sea. The fog came in, and she shivered, and then Johnny put his arms around her. He kissed her once, softly and lingeringly, knowing that not many other lips had touched hers.

"You haven't asked me anything," he said. "My name's—"

"Don't spoil it!" she begged, putting her finger to his lips. "It's been fun. But maybe it was the carnival music—maybe it's the moonlight on the sea. Let's wait. I'll see you at breakfast, and if we feel the same then . . . well, we could go on from there."

Johnny took her to the door of Stateroom Nine, and she picked up the kewpie and held it and said good night.

"Good night, Hey," Johnny said. "I'll feel the same tomorrow, and next year, and forty years after that."

Once in the night he had heard foghorns wailing, and knew they were in the mouth of the bay. He lay smiling to himself, thinking of the girl; he slept again, and then the crash came without warning, as the tanker's bow sheared into the Silver Wave amidships, throwing him out of his bunk and bringing shattered timbers down across his body. He had a brief and terrible impression of screams and the sudden roaring brightness of gasoline-fed flames. Another beam fell, and sounds and lurid light alike faded into nothingness.

Johnny Magruder would never know how he got off the ship. He was fished out of the bay, badly hurt, and awoke in a hospital. It was weeks before he could check newspaper accounts of the tragedy, and by that time he was ordered to another station. The information he collected was not coherent: there had been no complete passenger list, and some of the uninjured survivors had scattered after reaching shore, without giving their names. At length it was determined that six

women — perhaps seven — and nine men, four of them sailors, were missing.

And no list anywhere, of course, mentioned a blue-eyed girl who answered when you called "Hey!"

NOW IT was two years later, and a sweating fear seized Johnny as he struggled with the wreckage that jammed the door of Stateroom Nine. He wrenched loose a piece of pipe, and pried with it for a lever; he hammered at the door with a timber for battering ram, and the water cushioned his blows and made them ineffectual.

"You been down more than an hour," Pop Ryan said. "A little more, and we've got to hoist you and raise the hook. You hear me, Johnny?"

"Leave me alone!" Johnny said savagely. "I got work to do!"

He could get to the door itself, now, but it was locked from the inside. He pulled the sheath knife from his belt and began gouging at the hard, paint-protected wood.

"The pressure's sneaking up on you, Johnny," Pop told him. "The trouble is, you don't know when it starts getting you."

Pop was crazy. He could think through this effort to carve a hole in the door; his panic-sharpened mind could index the horrors that might have happened. Falling timbers . . . asphyxiation . . . live leaping flame . . . drowning . . .

Offstage noises in his headset gradually impinged themselves upon his consciousness. Pop was talking to somebody. Not Pete Jones; he wouldn't be that polite to Pete.

"Well, I'll try," Pop was saying off the transmitter. "But that other piece in the paper today made him awful sore."

"What's going on up there?" Johnny demanded.

Pop cleared his throat. "Listen, kid, that newspaper reporter came back out here to see you, and—"

"Well, throw him off the boat!"

"You see?" Pop said. "He don't like newspaper reporters."

The knife went through, and he quickly gouged a hole big enough for his hand. Then he reached inside and released the catch, and called topside for slack. Now he was through the door, fighting his way around a table and chair in total darkness. He groped, running his hands around the bulkheads as if to strain the water through his fingers; he reached as high as he could and combed the overhead lest something be floating there. He bumped into the yielding mattress where it lay half off the bed, and the suggestion froze him. It was a minute before his finger tips could explore.

They touched something hard and cold and smooth, and went on before the sensory nerves could transmit their memory to the brain. Then they flashed back. The kewpie doll!

Johnny Magruder clutched it, and it was somehow assurance. Relief ran through him like a warm wave. She isn't here! She made it! And if she

got out of this room, she got off the ship!

That reasoning was not entirely logical, but it comforted him. He became conscious of Pop's voice pleading with him to come up before the Seahorse dragged her anchor; he could hear the wind, now, keening across the telephone transmitter. And all at once the pressure was affecting him strangely, making his knees weak . . .

AT THE descending line he eased the flow of air and cut the bubbling of his exhaust. "Okay, Pop," he said. "Take it away."

"We're bringing you straight up," Pop said. "We'll put you in the decompression tank and haul—we'll get out of here. What took you so long?"

"I was looking for something," Johnny said slowly. "I was looking for something and didn't find it."

That struck him as uproariously funny, and he began to laugh and sing. The light grew stronger, and he ran through Minnie the Mermaid and then cradled the kewpie doll in one arm and sang Rockabye, Baby as no mother ever crooned it. His helmet broke surface, and he saw the Seahorse rolling with the deepening swells, and a motor launch tied alongside. His mind came back to the newspaperman and the publicity that could get them in bad with the bank over the unpaid mortgage. But that wasn't important any longer. The important thing was that Stateroom Nine was empty.

They hauled him aboard and Pete Jones was wrestling his helmet off as they dragged him toward the iron decompression chamber. There was a flurry of rain driving hard across the deck, and the sky was dark, but the daylight dazzled his eyes. He seated himself in the tank and blinked at the doorway.

Pete Jones had stepped aside there, preparatory to closing the door and turning on the air, and now a girl was framed in the opening. The light made a glory of her rain-wet hair.

Johnny swallowed. "You—" he said, and thought it was the pressure. But the bends had never done this to him before. "Say, wait a minute!" he yelled, and grabbed her hand. "Hey!" "Where have you been all my life?" she asked, smiling.

"Look, lady," said Pete Jones. "We got to put him under pressure. We got to turn on the air."

She stepped inside. "Turn it on," she said. "Hello, sailor! That's my kewpie you're holding. I saw your picture and read about your diving to the Silver Wave, and I came out here to hire you to go down again and get it for me. And now—"

The compressed air began to roar into the chamber. Johnny Magruder turned and put the kewpie carefully on the bench.

"And now?" he shouted above the roar.

She lifted her lips to his. It was odd, but he still didn't know her name. ★

### NEXT ISSUE

## When That Great Ship Went Down

The story of the sinking of the Titanic is told with news-page vividness in this Maclean's Flashback. Ray Gardner, who wrote the story, takes you on board during the last minutes of the life of the "unsinkable" ship. You meet Canadian survivors who will never forget that night in the North Atlantic as long as they live.

IN THE MAY 1 ISSUE

ON SALE APRIL 26



# SIX CHILDREN OWE LIVES TO COOLNESS OF BUS DRIVER

**Russell Millen, of Huntingdon, Que., averts tragedy by evacuating school bus seconds before fast train crashes into it**



**1. At New Erin, about five miles from Huntingdon, Que., Russell Millen's bus stalled on the railway tracks — and in the distance he heard a fast train approaching! After a frantic but vain attempt to push the bus off the tracks, Millen quickly went to work to save his precious cargo of six young school children.**



**2. With amazing courage and presence of mind, Millen rushed back into the bus and calmly began to get each and every one of the children out of the stranded vehicle. The train, its whistle shrieking, was almost upon them as the gallant Russell Millen hurried the last youngster to the side of the tracks and safety.**



**3. Within seconds after the rescue, the train smashed into the bus—dragging the mass of torn and twisted metal for half a mile! Russell Millen's daring, quick-thinking action had saved the lives of six young children. We are proud to pay him deserved tribute through the presentation of *The Dow Award*.**



*THE DOW AWARD is a citation presented for acts of outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a \$100 Canada Savings Bond. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects Award winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.*

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## Eden: Galahad Grows Up

Continued from page 16

talking shop he just wanted to chin-wag with a fellow Tory.

For 15 years I have sat with him in the Commons, but I hoped that in the more expansive mood of his home I would discover some of the earlier influences in his life.

So after dinner we went back to the first war when, as a boy of 17, he was at Eton. He had gone there from a home that was completely dominated by his father Sir William Eden, the seventh baronet of his line. Sir William's temper was so quick and his rages so uncontrollable that he became a legend on the countryside. Yet he was a man of artistic perception and considerable culture.

On his mother's side Eden is descended from the Greys who have supplied so many statesmen of fine mind and character to British public life. It was an ancestor of his, Lord Auckland, who was sent out to try and reach agreement with the rebel American colonists but whose broad humanitarianism was rendered useless by the stupid arrogance of the Prime Minister, Lord North.

### The Veterans Stuck Together

Thus, whether you like it or not, Anthony Eden was born an aristocrat. I mention these details because they account for much of Anthony's political outlook and his lack of partisan bias.

As a boy he had no political yearnings. He intended entering the diplomatic service and cultivating his love of painting. Above all he wanted a quiet life after the brawling scenes caused by his father.

He had two older brothers, John and Timothy, and a younger brother Nicholas—the latter was a midshipman when war broke out in 1914. He had one sister who is now the Dowager Countess of Warwick.

Anthony joined the O.T.C. at Eton, at 18 he had won the Military Cross in France, at 21 he was a brigade major. John and Nicholas Eden were killed in action; Timothy was taken prisoner.

Back at Oxford, it seemed Anthony would revert to the tendencies of his youth. He concentrated on Oriental languages to further his diplomatic chances, he painted a bit and he wore clothes that were rather too perfectly tailored.

But when the 1922 election took place he thought it would be rather fun to run for parliament in a tough seat in his father's county of Durham. The electors took a look at him, listened to him and voted for the other fellow. It was his first and only defeat at the polls.

Another general election was held a year later and this time he ran for Warwick and Leamington, which includes Shakespeare's Stratford-upon-Avon, and he has represented that historic part of England ever since. Sir Austen Chamberlain spotted him, made him his parliamentary private secretary and introduced him to the fascination of foreign affairs. He was 29.

In less than two years Eden's opportunity and his danger arrived together. He became Britain's first film star politician, subjected to a blaze of publicity that Clark Gable never enjoyed. In his 30's he was given a roving commission as Minister of League of Nations Affairs and he toured the capitals of the world to the flashing of camera bulbs and the noise of banner headlines.

The Anthony Eden black hat was launched upon the civilized world and it is still with us.

Perhaps the disillusioned world felt a new hope in this youth who carried the banner with the strange device of the League of Nations and cried "Excelsior!" He went to Moscow, the first statesman of the West to visit that proscribed state. The Russians have never forgotten that. When Eden went there with Churchill during the war Stalin gave a dinner for Eden and spoke in moving terms of what that first visit had meant to the rulers of the Soviet.

In passing, I was impressed when

Eden said to me that night at his house: "I still believe that we could do a deal with Uncle Joe." It was the first optimistic word I had heard on that subject for many a long day.

After Mussolini attacked Abyssinia, Sir Samuel Hoare (now Lord Templewood), who had replaced Simon as foreign secretary, negotiated with France's Pierre Laval the Hoare-Laval Pact; Eden, at home in London as under-secretary of foreign affairs, signed a message asking Haile Selassie to accept its terms (which would have given the

Italians a great chunk of Abyssinia as a protectorate).

Then the storm broke. The idealists were morally shocked at making a deal with the wicked Mussolini. Stanley Baldwin, then prime minister, renounced Hoare, appointed Eden as foreign secretary. Anthony was not yet 40. Life was moving swiftly for him.

Eden has been criticized for not resigning with his chief. There is some validity in that reproach but on the other hand he was not consulted about the pact and merely signed the message



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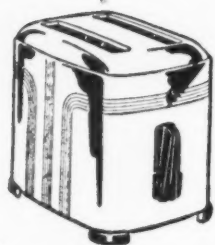
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to the Negus because he was the undersecretary in charge. You do not blame the postman for the letter that is delivered.

Thus came Eden's days of glory and humiliation. Baldwin was a benevolent dictator who meant it too literally when he said: "Peace in my time." Eden was experiencing the first of three regimes where he would be a senior minister of state held down by the dominating personalities or will power of three prime ministers.

Chamberlain succeeded Baldwin and, as the threat of the dictators became cruder and noisier, he conceived the idea of a direct approach on his part to Mussolini.

Day after day Eden faced the barrage in the House of Commons. His face grew grey with fatigue and he looked as if he would never smile again. His senior officials inflamed him against Chamberlain for the latter's interference with foreign affairs. The climax came when Chamberlain sent a note to Lady Chamberlain (widow of Sir Austen) in Rome asking her to see Italian Foreign Secretary Grandi about a meeting with Mussolini. All this without Eden's knowledge.

It was too much for Sir Galahad. He crossed Downing Street to No. 10 and handed in his resignation.

### Was it Pique or Principle?

The country rocked with excitement and the sense of drama. When the newsreels were shown in the cinemas the people hissed Chamberlain and cheered Eden. Churchill saw Eden and pointed out the enormous tactical position he could now hold as an out-and-out opponent of Chamberlain. Other Tories said they would follow him if he drew the sword of rebellion.

The House was packed when Eden entered. There is no drama in the theatre to equal such a scene. One felt that the ghosts of Pitt and Gladstone and Disraeli were looking on and that history was poised to record every word. So what did Eden do? He merely told us that it was no longer possible for him to support the foreign policy of the Prime Minister and that he felt it his duty to resign. Their differences, he said, would be clearly recognized by the House and he did not wish to add to the burdens of the Prime Minister by reiterating them. In fact he wished Chamberlain well.

The Prime Minister followed with a personal tribute to Eden that was as cold as ice.

The people in the galleries had been robbed of their sport. The M.P.'s streamed out to the lobbies and the smoke room. The Churchillites were furious. Here was a chance to drive Chamberlain to the wall and it had been foiled. If Eden disapproved of Chamberlain's policy of appeasement why not denounce it instead of wishing him well? Others said that Eden had resigned out of pique not on principle, that he was keeping the door open for his return. The Chamberlainites, instead of being grateful, declared that Eden was getting off the ship because he didn't like the look of the weather ahead.

Eden went to the countryside for three weeks rest—his first in years. When he did return to take his seat in the House he sat beside me and contributed an unimportant speech on an uncontroversial matter. Once again he had demonstrated his curious lack of drama and timing.

When the second war came Eden immediately rejoined his old regiment, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, with the rank of major.

Almost immediately, however, Chamberlain asked Churchill and then

Eden to join his government. They had little to gain, but felt it their duty to accept. Churchill went to the Admiralty, Eden to the Dominions Office. For years Anthony had been dealing with the painted hussy of foreign affairs, now he was to meet the wholesome wench of Empire.

When Chamberlain fell and Churchill formed his government Eden became secretary of state for war. Norway, Belgium and then France fell, and the invasion of Britain seemed imminent. But Eden took up the cause in the House of an unknown general in the Middle East called Wavell.

Despite the terrifying scarcity of arms at home Eden urged that Wavell be supplied. And the gamble came off. Wavell attacked and almost drove Italy out of the war in one battle.

Eden ended World War II as foreign secretary, a post he doubled with that of Leader of the House. But when the people threw Churchill out in 1945, Anthony was again just an M.P.

No longer was he a youth in shining armor. Grey hairs had appeared and there were times when his clothes looked much the same as yours and mine. There was sadness too in his face for in the closing weeks of the war his son Simon had been killed with the RAF in the Far East.

Politically he seemed doomed to a perpetual place in the antechamber like a prince regent. He had sat on the steps of the throne in the three reigns of Baldwin, Chamberlain and Churchill, and now the throne was gone and only the steps were left. What is more he had been joined on the steps by Ex-Emperor Churchill.

There were private troubles as well in Eden's life although they have no place in a sketch such as this, but destiny has a habit of making its own balance sheet. Fate had exalted Eden to the stars and then seemed to have grown tired of him.

### Winston Took up Writing

Churchill was a world figure whose glory had not been dimmed by the caprice of the electorate. Rightly he determined to write his memoirs, and rightly he went to America and Europe to speak. But the Tory Opposition was like a decimated platoon that never knew when its commanding officer would turn up or, when he did, what his tactics would be. Nor would he establish a second-in-command, though Eden was forced to take charge out of sheer necessity when the debates began with Churchill absent.

There were half a dozen Tory leaders with claims to be Churchill's ultimate successor: Oliver Stanley, Harold Macmillan, Oliver Lyttelton, Rab Butler, Brendan Bracken and Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. There were others too. The political experts said that the Conservative Party would soon be seething with internal intrigue.

Not for the first time in human history the experts were wrong. When Churchill went to Fulton, Mo., to make his famous speech, Eden was asked to dine by the men I've named. They pledged their loyalty to him and renounced their own claims to the succession. But they urged that Eden should see Churchill on his return from the States and tell him that he (Churchill) should remain leader of the party but that Eden should lead it in the House of Commons, as Lord Salisbury led it in the Lords, and as Lord Woolton led the central organization.

I cannot tell what happened on Churchill's return, but whatever happened he did not remove himself to the stratosphere. The old bull fighter likes the smell of blood too much to choose





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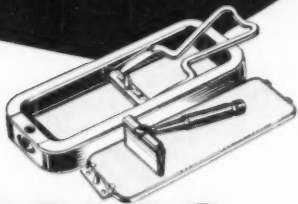
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the sweet-scented air above the clouds. However, he did definitely appoint Eden deputy leader of the opposition.

The system worked badly. We seldom knew when Churchill would turn up, and when he did we could only guess what he might say. We were losing ground in the country and the Socialists were cock-a-hoop.

Then Eden decided to make a tour of Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Usually it is dangerous for a man in high place to go away, for politics, like nature, abhors a vacuum. But in this case it had the opposite effect. Without Eden our day-to-day opposition fell to its lowest level. When he came back we welcomed him as the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow welcomed the sound of the bagpipes.

Now we saw a different Eden. He was refreshed and rejuvenated although, as he told me, there had only been one day, except for the flying, when he had not made a speech or attended a reception. But what pleased me most was that he had not only breathed the ozone of the outer Empire but his mind had been inflamed by what he had seen. Never again would foreign affairs obsess him as they had done for so long.

#### Anthony Had New Authority

In the Commons we saw how much he had changed. He spoke with a new authority and a new vitality. Churchill noticed the change and was glad, for he was bored to death with a parliament that had outlived its usefulness.

Then the election came. It was arranged that there should be five half-hour broadcasts by the Socialists and Tories, three 20-minute broadcasts by the Liberals and one 10-minute broadcast by the Communists. Churchill spoke first for us and was restrained and statesmanlike.

The second Tory broadcast was by Lord Salisbury. And then came Eden. Would he revert to his second-in-command complex? Would he take from his desk the platitudes of Whitehall so beloved of diplomats? Would he speak too fast and grow hoarse? I thought of the times he had been adequate when he should have been inspired, obvious when he should have been subtle, calm when he should have been emotional.

But he had not been speaking for more than three minutes before we sensed that something had happened. His voice was quiet, personal, almost intimate. If there was no glittering phrase neither was there the well-groomed platitude. Without bitterness he spoke of the failures of Socialism, and without bombast he outlined his approach to the nation's problems.

For 15 minutes he held our minds with his logic and then, imperceptibly, we began to experience a sense of emotion. Here was a man who loved his country and its people so much that he wanted it to rise from littleness to greatness again. "Why am I in politics?" he asked. In another man it might have been a trick, a break in the tempo, a diversion to catch the ear. With him it was deeply sincere. He answered that question in simple but moving terms.

Yet there was some new quality in him that I could not at first recognize. It was firm and yet it was elusive. And then we realized what it was.

Eden was no longer Sir Galahad, no longer the Crown Prince, no longer the Man of Climax and Anticlimax. He was speaking with that almost indefinable quality called authority. We heard at last the authentic tones of a future prime minister. ★

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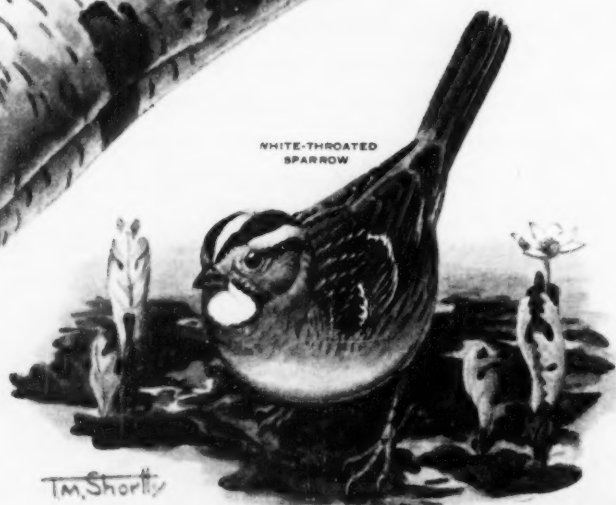


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## Exercise Is The Bunk —Relax

Continued from page 25

Better for what? Answer: Why, for —for—well, better able to do things more efficiently. Question: What things? Answer: Why—uh—Question: You mean the same things he trained on in the first place, don't you?

Charles Atlas, the mail-order muscle builder, has a 47-inch chest (six inches better than Joe Louis') and 17-inch biceps (three inches better than Louis'). You, too, can probably have a body like his by using his "dynamic tension system" right in your own home. When you get all those muscles what will you do with them? They're not trained to throw the javelin, lasso horses, swim, or box; and they'll certainly be of little use in typing, selling hats, painting, making out invoices, or designing neckties.

Most body builders go in for deep breathing and the expanded chest. But Prof. Burns (the fellow from the University of Durham) says that the narrow-shouldered, narrow-hipped type of body has a superior "vital capacity" to that of the big-chested type; in fact, the so-called deep-breathing exercises actually reduce the real air intake by about 30%.

### A Heart Stopped for 19 Seconds

One thing exercise definitely does is to "improve" the organs, if growth means improvement. A German doctor named Secher trained a bunch of rats by running them in rotary cages for two months. He found that their hearts doubled in size as a result.

So what? Comments Dr. Darling (he's the Columbia one): Why would anyone particularly want a larger set of organs? The organs got larger in the animals to accommodate the larger load being put on them. If there isn't any such load, there's no purpose in having the extra size.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company once studied about 5,000 former college athletes to see how they had fared. It found the athletes didn't live longer than ordinary people, nor did they seem to die much younger. But one important point did come out: after 45 years of age deaths among the ex-athletes showed 60% more resulting from heart disease than among their side-lines brethren. The report cautiously said that it looked as though athletic activities did injure hearts.

Exercise enthusiasts claim this only indicates the hearts were defective in the first place. Modern doctors don't all agree. U. S. Army doctors doing medical research in 1942 at Fort Knox, Ky., found some evidence to the contrary. A 22-year-old soldier in good health and with a normal heart was being exercised to exhaustion for research purposes. After stopping to rest he suddenly collapsed in convulsions; his heart stopped altogether for 19 seconds. Luckily the doctors got it going again.

Heart-expert Major Ludwig Eichna theorized that a vicious cycle had been set up. When the soldier stopped his exertion the blood vessels relaxed their tension too rapidly, resulting in a diminished blood return to the heart which produced a drastically low blood pressure; this made it hard for the heart to get enough blood up to the brain; that in turn resulted in oxygen lack in the brain; and that in turn caused unconsciousness and caused the heart to stop altogether. Eichna concluded that the sudden deaths during or after exertion which had been encountered repeatedly in

apparently healthy young adults and athletes might not indicate any heart fault whatever. Under certain conditions the whole reaction could go off like spontaneous combustion.

Other authorities feel that this is even more true of the week-end workout type than the professional muscle man. So, when the urge comes on you to limber up the old physique, resist it. Chances are you haven't got the time or patience to start slowly. You'll want to start swinging, pitching, turning nippus, and doing a quick mile down the beach and you might just finish up in the morgue.

### A Rider on the Charley Horse

The body can't be fooled easily. When you try to make it do something violent for trivial reasons, such as vanity, it won't always come through —and the result is collapse. On the other hand, when there's some real emotional reason for the whole machinery to go to work violently, various chemicals (such as adrenalin) come pouring forth, nerve reactions tighten the blood vessels, the blood pressure shoots up, the heart thus gets plenty of fluid to work with, the oxygen exchange in the lungs can therefore go on fast and efficiently, and you can perform miracles.

A certain John Coulter, exploring in Montana in 1808, was seized by Indians, stripped naked, and then shown that he should run off across the prairie. He realized that the fun-loving young braves were getting ready to run after him, spears in hand. Though he was no runner, and though the Indians were reputedly fleet, Coulter fled under the impulse of blind fear and ran like the wind for more than three miles. Then, looking back, he was amazed to find that all the braves had dropped from sight altogether except one who was close behind —and who at that point dropped, exhausted. Coulter snatched up the Indian's spear, ran him through, and then went trotting on his way naked, free as the breeze, and feeling as though he had hardly run at all.

A sensible, civilized conclusion from all this is that nature knows best, and that to put excessive loads on the body without a corresponding emotional stimulus is like running that car of yours over the mountains on a full tank of kerosene.

The advocates of exercise don't make their case only on beautiful bodies and oversized muscles, however. Take their claim that exercise is good for the digestive system. That hoary notion started back in the 14th century and it has never died, and practically every physical educator alive today will tell you that exercise is good for constipation. Nonsense, I say. The best survey on the subject was made at Columbia University and showed that nearly one third of students taking active gymnasium work were constipated. That's neither better nor worse than estimates of the same difficulty among non-exercisers.

But, the exercisers will say, at least you must agree that exercise will slim your bulging figure, reduce your weight, and make you look better and feel better.

A number of prominent doctors have recently come to the conclusion that obesity is caused, not by lack of exercise, or glandular defects (except in rare cases), or anything else but simply by putting more food in your belly than you need.

Everyone knows that exercise often produces a Charley horse. Nothing wrong in a little strain, you say. The sad truth is that every such injury means a torn muscle tissue, and every



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1M-50

repair adds scar tissue to the muscle. The result is "limitation of function," or a slightly less usable muscle than you had before. And there are more serious things that can develop from over-exercising. They include acidosis, damage to red blood cells, and avitaminosis (vitamin lack).

Yet, to be fair, exercise in the right amount has some value. Obviously, if you like the feeling of movement and keep it in bounds you're getting at least a refreshment value from your sport. A minor amount of activity benefits the body as it maintains muscle tone, and helps to maintain the limberness of joints.

And, in the last decade, a belief has been growing in the great value of mild exercise during convalescence from operations and illnesses. This involves making the patient—even just after a serious abdominal operation—move about in bed, waggle his joints, take deep breaths, and so on. Canadian and American doctors are getting patients out of bed as soon as possible, even after hernia repairs or gall bladder removals. The results show a great decrease in postoperative troubles.

#### Let's Take Plato, Not Pushups

Specific exercises, designed by doctors, have been found helpful recently in tightening up the body after childbirth, and in restoring mobility to the area of a wound. The use of exercise after polio needs no recounting, and certain exercises are useful in easing

painful or faulty menstruation.

Childbirth without anaesthesia is being boosted today by some doctors in England, Canada and the U. S., and a lot of it depends on preparatory exercises. Dr. Neil Stevens, of New Hampshire, even claims that by prescribing a variety of facial exercises, including grins, twitches, yawns, stretches, and sundry grimaces, he has cured five cases of severe acne.

But when it comes right down to the normal healthy person who has nothing wrong with him except a guilty feeling of laziness there's really nothing to be prescribed.

Exercise, then, would seem like a good thing for the healthy nonathlete to avoid, except for mild things like hiking, swimming, and others which don't put a strain on the system or create bulging muscles. Mounting muscles merely demand more food and, when through age or lack of opportunity, you fail to keep them in shape, fatty degeneration and infiltration take place. A physiologist once put it this way: "While it may be better to have loved and lost, it certainly is not better to have exercised and stopped."

You wouldn't want to get trapped in anything like that, would you? So say out loud, "Get thee behind me, athlete," and try to lead the philosophic, healthful, relaxed life.

Take my advice, and whenever you feel like exercising crawl to the nearest couch and lie down until the feeling goes away. ★

## Tinned Meat and Old Masters

Continued from page 22

of Canada on railway posters. "It was clean. It was new," he says.

In 1936, en route to New Zealand and Australia, he saw Canada for the first time. By then a cosmopolitan renowned for racing stables in Hungary, hospitality in Paris, business acumen in Berlin, he was tired of cities. A friend in an English brokerage firm suggested Saskatoon.

There would be, the broker thought, enough raw material of the right kind to support a plant there. Western Canadian hogs, fed on wheat byproducts, give the same firm sweet ham that made Mendel trademarks famous in Westphalia and beyond. Mendel saw Saskatoon that trip and remembered it. He doesn't forget much.

Having lived in Recklinghausen, Westphalia (where in 1926 the Mendel family was honored by the town during its 500th jubilee, in Berlin, Vienna, Sofia, Budapest ("just a small place" here), Warsaw, Montreal and New York, Fred Mendel describes his new homeland like this: "Canadians are more tolerant, more kind than any other people today. I believe the wide spaces breed this wideness of mind. Or am I speaking just of my Western people? Am I right in supposing they are, how would you say, lighter than the Easterners? Here people understand one another's point of view even when it isn't quite the same as their own."

Mendel went to Saskatoon in late 1940. He took over a shabby, sprawling old building built to turn out cars in the boom days of 1911-1912, later bought by the Saskatchewan Co-operative Livestock producers when the boom broke, and which had stood idle since the depression.

He had with him part of his prewar fortune (his factories, homes abroad were mostly lost), some backing from

the Bank of Montreal, and a thorough, interested, family-nurtured interest in the packing business. Plus the secret of packing Europa Ham.

Never had Saskatoon, its streets and crescents meandering with the South Saskatchewan River, seen such goings on as Mendel soon introduced—like people leaving for Paris or Buenos Aires with no more fuss than driving Aunt Emma to Bob Shannon's farm, 16 miles out. Less, in fact.

There's a story of a townsman finding Mendel patiently waiting for a cab at the door of the Bessborough Hotel and asking him where he was off to. "London," said Mendel. London, England, that is.

The switchboard girls at the Bessborough, where the Mendels have had a suite for the past seven years (they're renovating an old house he's bought) have got a clearer geographic picture of the world than they ever had in grade school. Fred Mendel, feeling lonely one evening, picked up his phone and called brother Emil in Sydney, Australia; daughter Johanna Mendel Mitchell, wife of actor Cameron Mitchell in Hollywood; daughter Eva Mendel Miller, in Montreal where her husband is a professor at McGill; and his good friend and manager of his only remaining European plant, in Budapest, Hungary. By the time this verbal tour of the world was through the switchboard operator was panting to get home to tell her family all the places she'd talked to that night.

They tell stories in Saskatoon of Fred Mendel's New Year parties which have brought cosmopolitan glamour and lavishness into the prairie town. They speak warmly, too, of the small man with the dark eyes, walking among his guests, anxiously asking, "Are you happy? Have you everything? Is there anything I may do for you?" They speak of the vivacious, French Mrs. Clare Mendel.

Mendel phoned his local druggist one day and asked him to air-mail penicillin to a sick friend in Vienna. Twenty-three-year-old Pierre Ludof, from a



village close to Saskatoon was a laborer at the plant; now he studies art in New York because Mendel found out about his dream, bought his sketches, helped him on his way.

There are, too, the ponies which Mendel donates as prizes for children at the annual Saskatoon Fair. He started by giving away one pony but there were so many broken-hearted children he couldn't stand it. The numbers vary now, but it's never just one.

During his first few years at the Bessborough Mendel's annual entertainment bill reputedly topped \$10,000. This hospitality, his far-famed guests (such as Sir Percy Jones of the British Food Mission), and his middle-European manners set his blunt Western neighbors on their ears for a bit. Perhaps also the fact that he is a Jew brought resistance.

Mendel will say with complete lack of cynicism when speaking of his well-traveled life, "I am the original wandering Jew, you know."

In the time, however, these factors have become secondary to his personality. These days his Saskatoon neighbors are ready with tales of his kindness, his personal charm. They delight in facts about Fred Mendel and his plant.

Where the red structure of the International Packers stands, the Prairie meets the city. The road runs on by the grain elevators toward the farmlands. A railway track twists toward the stockyards behind the grey cafeteria building. Grounds behind the packing plant have been landscaped and upon them, slightly elevated, is set a summer house and a swimming pool. It's a long shot from the derelict building Mendel bought nine years ago.

#### "I Buy What Pleases Me"

You come in by a modest entrance into the general office. To the left are two small rooms for the four top executives. Mendel shares one of them with his general manager. Right through the main office to the left a door leads immediately into the killing floor with gory carcasses hanging by their hind legs and blood draining into gutters. At the right of the main office a white door opens to a staircase, the walls covered with water colors by young Canadian painters. It twists to the second floor to a dark, paneled door with the sign "F. Mendel."

Beyond this door is the suite of six rooms, plus halls and cloakrooms, where the Mendels lived for the first couple of years in Saskatoon. The door is always unlocked. It doesn't appear to occur to Mendel he has a treasure in paintings here.

The place is well-furnished with thick rugs, lush drapes, fresh flowers, books, gramophone and case of records, but it is obvious that the owner's main interest is art. Here are some of the best of Canadian, Hungarian and French painters, a \$6,000 Franz Marc, a delicate misty \$5,000 Pissarro.

In the padded and gilt bar the walls are heavy with paintings of Mendel's thoroughbreds and, remembering the floor below, there is a head of a china bull. Out of the window you see cattle cars pulled up on a siding.

The dining room combines Mendel's past and present within a frame of an oil painting. Here is a big canvas on the main wall as you come in. In it a long sweep of green stretches to blue hills in the distance. It's the Alag training field outside Budapest. In the foreground are horses, jockeys, trainers, and in the right-hand corner a small man in dark morning suit, light gloves, cane. There is something familiar about him and you bend to recognize the prewar Fred Mendel come down

from his house on the hill in Buda to watch his gentlemen trainers put his horses through their paces. This is by Hungarian Konradi, who was sent for before the war to paint the portrait of Man-o'-War.

Flanking the main canvas are individual oils of Mendel horses, including an unbeaten mare, "Malvyn," winner of Hungary's Thousand Guineas and Oaks. This horse Mendel managed to send to the American Zone of Germany and later had shipped to the States. However, before he could pick her up, the American officer who had attended her shipment wrote that "Malvyn" had died. It was the end of Mendel's stables. He hadn't the heart to start all over again in this field too.

In the dining room, too, is an unknown young modern's tragic, vivid "Concentration Camp" — a face twisted with grief behind bars.

The paintings in the plant suite and at the hotel suite are only a part of the Mendel collection. Mendel says: "I buy what pleases me and because it pleases me. I have not a single painting I don't like. The urge to own something because it is valuable is for young men only. I get my pleasure from buying a \$15 water color if it meets my mood."

Under the art the killing floors, coolers, freezing and cutting units and packing floors are arranged with economic efficiency. Workers now vary between 250 and 350 but 650 killed and packed here during the war.

It is in a secluded corner of a basement room where the secret Mendel operation goes on. Here are brought the best hams. Two men, looking rather like doctors in their white smocks, insert the spiced formula into the veins of the hams. These are then tinned and sent, judging by the addresses on the packing cases on just one shipment day, to Puerto Rico, Cuba, Venezuela, Bermuda, Newfoundland, and England.

In its first seven years the Saskatoon plant supplied British markets with 100 million pounds of Canadian bacon and UNRRA with 27 million tins of canned meats. In the last few years Mendel has tried the domestic market and his brand names are becoming familiar on Canadian shop shelves.

Before Mendel decided to build at last a permanent home for his family, they stopped in New York and in Montreal en route to Saskatoon. These pauses had their effect.

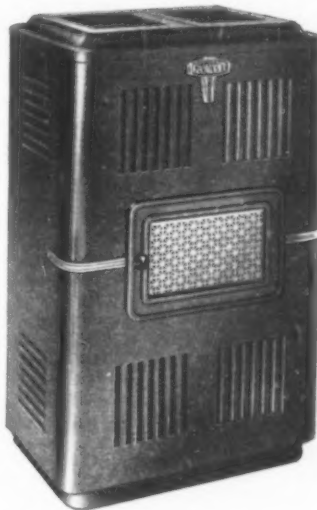
Eva, an artist in her own right, married a McGill professor and lives happily in Quebec. They have a small daughter, Susan.

Johanna, always interested in acting, decided to take a drama course in New York. She remained there. After a while the family got suspicious about her apparent inability to join them even over week ends. The cause turned out to be promising young actor Cameron Mitchell. The Mitchells later moved to Hollywood where their two young sons were born. Today, all but eight-year-old Bobby are in New York again, as Cameron has one of the major roles in the smash hit drama, "Death of a Salesman."

In the big old house the Mendels bought and renovated on Saskatoon's Saskatchewan Drive there is a small room for Bobby.

This house is an embodiment of the Mendel's search for security and permanence. "Clare used to travel with me wherever I went when we were first married," Fred says. "I suppose together we have gone around the world a number of times. Now she wants to stay here. I will still be going away. But I'll be coming back too, always." ★

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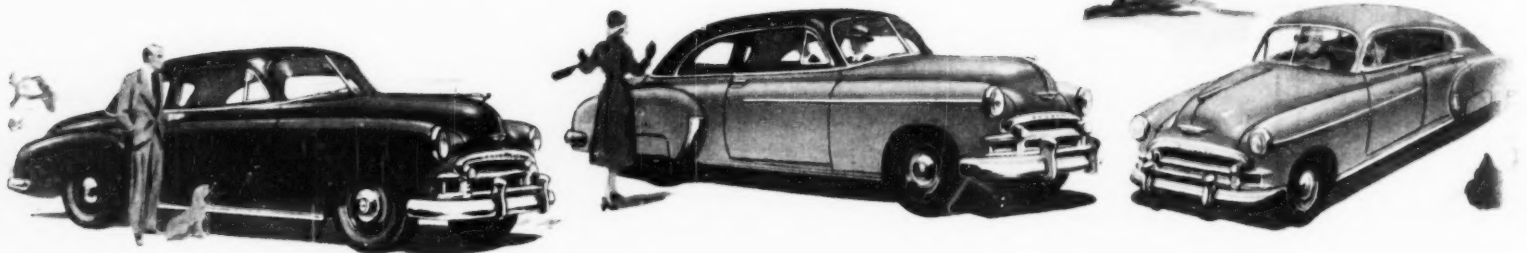
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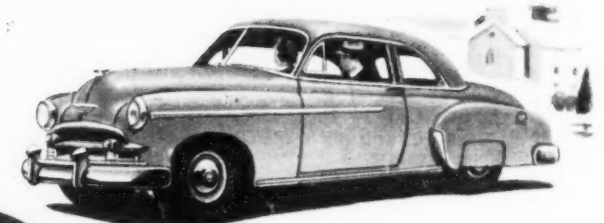
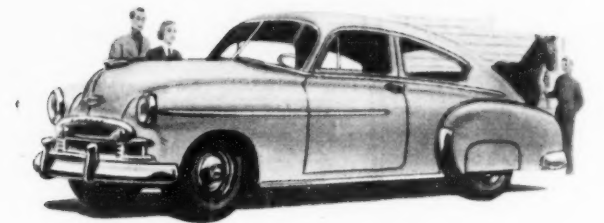
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## Rendezvous in Riga

Continued from page 11

But not out there. Out there they would say: "Sorry, but Uncle says no. Mr. William Cosgrove went through a form of marriage with the Citizeness Anna Katerina Boronin. Ergo, Mr. William Cosgrove is *persona non grata*." Didn't Hank realize I had conferred the supreme insult on all their sweet womanhood by wedding one of them? Form-of-marriage, nothing! This one had been something. But you'd think it was reverse Lend-Lease the way it had been rubbed out.

Under the trees, with the Piccadilly traffic droning by only a few yards away, and guys and their gals stretched out side by side on the grass, relaxed and talking, the dream I couldn't get out of my mind was bound to shimmer in front of my eyes. A dream of a laughing girl, but shy and modest with people, a girl who didn't know the meaning of the words when I called her Slim, or Sunshine, or any of the names men tack onto the women they love. But plenty she knew about the tone of my voice telling her about her almost blue-black eyes, or the raven hair pulled tight against the nape of her neck. Slender and supple as a young maple, that was my Anna, with pleasant curves where curves are supposed to be and all the other items a guy thinks about when he is four years and a million miles away from a woman he still hankers for.

I couldn't even remember how she kept house, or if her cooking was like mother's. But I would remember for always trim ankles under a wide skirt that swung like a kilt as she turned the corner of Gorky Street to meet me outside the big building where the commissars work. For always I'd remember the smile of greeting, the gentle squeeze of my arm as we turned to hurry along the sidewalk to the little restaurant near the Bolshoi, where the borsch was, oh, but good.

It had been fun that winter, with the war's end in sight and plans for tomorrow in two minds, and no idea that such fool things as a harsh political notion could strip the cogs off a marriage. Even in the good-byes we said that summer, the morning I took off for Stockholm and home, there had been no doubts in that last kiss at the airport. But that was before guys with wives knew their girls wouldn't be following them home as soon as the world began to unravel and people could move around again.

"Will you quit gawping at that old babe reading her Times, before she calls a cop," Hank's voice came through, "and listen to me? You still know something about machine tools?"

I said yes, I still knew something about machine tools.

"Because a month ago we sold 'em a big batch, to be shipped from our Stockholm plant under their credit deal with the Swedes, and it says on the papers that we send our own expert to check everything and turn the stuff over. The Swedes insist on that, because they pay us against the trade agreement. So you're the expert."

"If you made your deal a month ago, why didn't you give me all this before?" I asked. "Why wait until I'm practically over the Atlantic in an airplane? Anyway, they wouldn't pass me. Skip it."

"That's what I thought," Hank replied, "and that's why I didn't tell you until they did. Why would I build you up and drop you like a sack? Yesterday they cleared you and, believe me, Bill, it wasn't simple."

"You mean it's set?" The hand that flicked the lighter shook. "I don't be-

lieve it. Not if you told them my right name."

"Listen," Hank grinned, "sometimes I can be smart. Not often, but sometimes. Think I wasted a minute talking to secretaries and counsellors? That would have torn it. Not me. I talked to the great Kouznetzov himself. The Swedes insist on an expert. Okay. Our Mr. William Cosgrove is the only expert we have available. He must remember Mr. Cosgrove from Lend-Lease days, no? But yes, of course. You were a very nice young man and very helpful. Then I dragged in the one about you and Anna Katerina and how your marriage blew a fuse on account of the rules. I guess I even implied it was part of the forgotten past for William Cosgrove, Esq. and if they didn't consider it legal, neither did you. In fact I sort of suggested, between men of the world, that you have other ideas on your mind, back home. No doubt the Citizeness has found herself a new and more compatible husband by now."

"You said all that?" I bit at him. "About Anna and me? What business?"

"Aw, quit being noble," Hank grinned. "Do you want to see your girl again? I said all that and probably a lot more. All in good taste, of course. I guess I even said you might be glad of a chance to check the records, on account of a mild allergy to bigamy on your new fiancée's part. You may not like it, Bill, but it went down with Kouznetzov. Kouznetzov is interested in machine tools, not holy wedlock, and he said to leave it to him about the visa. So tomorrow morning you taxi around to Kensington Palace Gardens and a guy you can't understand will stamp a lot of pretty purple words you can't read in your passport. Now will you call that airline, or don't you have the strength to walk across Piccadilly and find a booth?"

I said, "Who tells you I can't still talk the language? Let's get cracking!"

THREE days later I was in Stockholm, sitting under a big umbrella in the garden of the Grand Hotel, waiting for a man named Borg from a government office to come over for dinner. In a few days there'd be a Russian ship, the Sestroresk, going across the Baltic to Libau and the shipment would go in it. Borg thought the right idea would be to fly ahead and make arrangements. The local Russians had cleared it with Moscow and I was told to check in with the Heavy Industries Ministry when I arrived.

The next day, Helsinki, where the Soviet Security boys gave me one dandy frisking before letting me board the Moscow plane. Then it was the National Hotel, right across Manezhnaja Square from the Kremlin.

Come morning, I sent a note to Karaviev at the Ministry and along about noon a comrade came over with a car to take me to see him. While we drank glasses of tea and Karaviev munched chocolates I showed him the papers they'd given me in Stockholm and he said they were fine; I must be in Libau to meet the ship and travel to Riga with the stuff. He would send an aide with me and the aide would have authority to take delivery in Riga. Nothing would be opened until then. This aide would see me the day before departure with my movement orders. The Service Bureau at the hotel would arrange transportation. After we got through at Riga I would return to Libau and cross the Baltic back to Stockholm in the Sestroresk. All right? I said it was *khorocho* by me. That's what you tell all the top-drawer boys when they say this is the way it is. It has to be okay.

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### BUTTERFLY BUNS

(Makes 20 Buns)

Measure into a large bowl  
 ½ cup lukewarm water  
 1 teaspoon granulated sugar  
 and stir until sugar is dissolved.  
 Sprinkle with contents of  
 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal  
 Fast Rising Dry Yeast  
 Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.  
 In the meantime, scald  
 ¾ cup milk  
 ¼ cup granulated sugar  
 1½ teaspoons salt  
 ¼ cup shortening  
 Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm;  
 add to yeast mixture. Stir in  
 1 well-beaten egg  
 Stir in  
 2 cups once-sifted bread flour  
 and beat until smooth; work in  
 2½ cups once-sifted bread flour  
 Turn out on lightly-floured board and  
 knead dough lightly until smooth and  
 elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top  
 with melted butter or shortening. Cover  
 and set dough in warm place, free from  
 draught and let rise until doubled in bulk.  
 While dough is rising, combine  
 ½ cup brown sugar (lightly  
 pressed down)  
 1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon  
 ½ cup washed and dried seedless  
 raisins  
 ¼ cup chopped candied peels  
 Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal  
 portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each

piece into an oblong 24 inches long and  
 7½ inches wide; loosen dough.  
 Spread each oblong with  
 2 tablespoons soft butter or  
 margarine  
 and sprinkle with the raisin mixture. Beginning at the long edges, roll each side up to the centre, jelly-roll fashion. Flatten slightly and cut each strip crosswise into 10 pieces. Using a lightly-floured handle of a knife, make a deep crease in the centre of each bun, parallel to the cut sides. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 18 minutes. If desired, cool and spread with confectioners' icing.



Back at the hotel I stretched out on the big Russian bed, trying to think. If I couldn't find one woman out of maybe 100 million females in the Soviet Union in seven days, or even out of a couple of million in Moscow, that would be curtains for the Cosgrove marriage and the principals would spend the rest of their days not knowing what had happened to each other, or when they were widowed, or divorced, or what. I tried to figure where to begin. I could call a cab and drive around to our old flat. If Anna wasn't

there, I'd hunt up Nikki. If I couldn't find Nikki, any of the wartime newspaper types, or a couple of Embassy people I'd known, would be able to steer me. Back in Sweden it had looked wonderfully simple. But this wasn't Stockholm. This was Moscow.

If I called a cab and drove out Kallugskaya to the big apartment block right across from the hospital, maybe the driver would report on where we'd been as soon as I'd paid him off. If I went in and found no trace of Anna and talked to the building manager, he'd

get onto the grapevine and tell the MVD a foreigner had been around enquiring about a former tenant. Then I'd get a visit from some smart young heel-clicker to read me the rules, or maybe acquire myself a shadow, if I didn't have one already, or even get a call to come and see somebody for a friendly tip on how to behave in the Soviet Union.

Everything I thought of as I lay there came out no. Around 5 o'clock I decided to go to the ballet at the Bolshoi. If anybody I knew was still

around, the promenade at the Bolshoi between the acts was the place to find him.

But this wasn't the night. The Juliet was a newcomer and the sophisticated audience was all somewhere else. Though I hung around the staircase where diplomatic corps people always used to meet to trade gossip between the acts, and walked around the restaurant and even found a spot in the white gallery upstairs where I could watch the big circle of promenaders, I didn't see a face I'd ever looked at before. The guy who walked home through Sverdlov Square and along beside the Hotel Moscow was the loneliest man in all the Russias.

**D**URING the morning I walked over to the Hotel Moscow to see if Tony Sellers still lived there. They said yes, but he was out and I left a note. Then I took a bus out to the end of Kallugskaya and started walking back toward the centre of town, watching to see if I was being tailed. Apparently not. But before turning in through the door of the flats, I looped around the block, just to be sure. From the side street I could see the windows of what once had been Anna's and my place. Those certainly were not the curtains she had hung in '44. Maybe she had a new man, who didn't like the flowery stuff. I went upstairs and knocked on the old door. Nobody answered. Coming down, I passed a middle-aged woman going up, carrying bundles. She let herself into Number 8, so I guessed Anna didn't live there any more.

Walking downtown, I got to wondering how I could find out if Nikki was still around. Nikki had introduced us, back in the days when the term North American wasn't interchangeable with polecat. I leaned for a while against the railings of the Crimea Bridge, watching the Moscow River slide around behind the Kremlin, and decided maybe I ought to go straight to Karaviev. For ten minutes I felt swell, the way you do after you quit juggling a decision. What's wrong with making enquiries about old friends? But as I came up the hill, behind St. Basil's, and crossed Red Square, I began to feel less sure again. How did I know Karaviev wasn't waiting for me to tip my hand, that even mentioning Nikki's name wouldn't start a fission that would blow the whole works apart? I might even put Nikki on the spot, and how did I know he would want to help? Maybe he thought his wartime brother-in-law was just another of those capitalist stooges Pravda likes to rant about. Or by now he might be 1,000 miles away, working for some metals kombinat in the Urals, or making trucks in Leningrad, or maybe in the salt mines.

When I got out of the elevator, the girl on the floor desk handed me a note from Tony Sellers which said: "If you get this by 1.30, come over for lunch." Ten minutes later, I was banging on his door in the Moscow. After eating, we rode the Metro out to the Gorki Park of Culture and Rest and found a bench under the trees where we could talk without being overheard. Before then the whole MVD could have listened, and all they'd have heard was how it looked in the National League this year. When we had settled ourselves, Tony took a quizzical look at me and said: "Okay, pal, what brings you to Muscovy?"

I started to tell him about the machine-tool deal, but he grinned and said: "Lovely. But what's really on your mind? You're among friends, total of one."

"Where's Anna?" I blurted.

Tony burst out laughing. "When a guy asks you a direct question, he sure

*Continued on page 48*

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Continued from page 46  
gets another in return," he said. "I don't know where she is. Don't tell me you two are still married! What's the gimmick?"

I put him in the picture and said, "How do I find her between now and Monday?"

"You don't," Tony said. "You sit tight and you keep your nose clean. The less snooping you do the better for you and the better for her. Your cue is to play the harmless dove, feasting your eyes again on old Moscow, but not on members of the populace, with accent on the female."

"What about Nikki?" I asked.

"Last I knew," said Tony, "he was around. Right in Karaviev's Ministry, if I remember right, but that was a year ago."

I got up and started pacing the grass in front of the bench, like a stall-walking racehorse. Tony dusted ashes off his coat and said, "Let's walk. We don't want anybody getting the idea we're nervous."

We went down by the water and about all Tony said in half an hour was, "Let me think this out, Bill. This is tough and I don't think you've got a chance. Suppose you do find her. So what?"

"I'm taking her back with me, if she wants to come."

Tony looked at me and waited for a young Red Army type to go by with his girl and pass out of earshot.

"That's what I figured you would say," he said slowly, "and you don't make sense. This is Central Park, Moscow. That's the Kremlin you can see over there."

I didn't say a word. We must have walked 15 minutes before Tony broke the silence.

"No use kidding you," he broke in at last. "I had this taped as soon as I knew you were here, and I'm going to play along with you. Maybe I can get you some help. Maybe not. But you're going to do as I say. That's the price tag."

"Put it in words," I said. "Never mind speeches."

"This is going to be a tough assignment," Tony said. "It means you go back to your hotel and do nothing. When you go out, you're just an Old Boy strolling the campus, going to the ballet and buying Kremlin perfume to take home. Your role is to convince them you have nothing on your mind but the job that brought you here. Whether I can do anything or not, I don't know—probably not. If that's the way it is, that's the way it is. But on the other hand, you can bet your shirt that if you start asking questions, or paying mysterious calls, nothing will happen, excepting, maybe the curtailment of your freedom to get around. Above all, sit tight and don't stampee. If it gets to be airplane time and you haven't heard anything, get on the airplane and go."

That was certainly swell. Don't get excited. Take it easy. Don't stampee. Leave it to Tony, who may not be back. But, I said, okay, I'll do it.

THE next day it was raining, and I stayed indoors, not stampeding. Around 5 p.m. the phone rang and a woman's voice asked if I would come over to the Ministry to see the *Gospodin* Karaviev tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. I said to tell Mr. Karaviev I would be there.

The talk was pleasantly desultory. Had renewing my acquaintance with Moscow been a happy experience? Was I impressed by all the *rekonstruktsiya*, the new office buildings, the great blocks of flats to be seen everywhere? Did I intend to see Oulanova in "Swan Lake" tonight? One of his young men

would be charmed to accompany me. I said that would be wonderful, still wondering when the bad news would begin.

The real reason for the interview came with the second glass of tea. The Sestroresk would be at Libau in about four days. Would I be prepared to fly to Riga, please, in three days' time, and to proceed thence by rail? I would be notified later of the time of departure. I hoped my face didn't look like a chattering gargoyles as I said that would be splendid.

Karaviev stood up, indicating that the interview was over. We shook hands. But just as I reached the door he said: "A moment, Mr. Cosgrove. I forgot one thing. Our Embassy in London informs me that you are anxious to know the outcome of your unfortunate alliance with the Citizeness Anna Katerina Boronin. You will be pleased to learn that the young lady received a divorce on Sept. 2, 1947."

The question: "Has she married again?" I didn't dare ask. I didn't even dare think it. I just rolled with the punch, while the pouch-eyed Russian bored in with one of those dotted-line looks, to see how I was taking it. Karaviev pressed a button. A buzzer clattered in the next room. The door opened. In walked, of all people, Anna's brother.

"Nikki!" I exclaimed, and started across the room, hand extended. My ex-brother-in-law merely bowed stiffly from the waist like a prewar Balkan diplomat and said "How do you do?" My long-lost relative by a former marriage was certainly glad to see me!

Then I heard Karaviev, behind me, saying, "Knowing that you are old friends who worked together during the Patriotic War, I knew you would like to renew Comrade Boronin's acquaintance while in Moscow." As I swung around there was malevolence on the Commissar's face. On Nikki's I could see no expression of any kind.

I cursed myself for walking into Karaviev's trap, if trap it was. I tried to swing out with fast, light talk, but Nikki was making like an iron curtain. I managed to say it was nice to see Tovarisch Boronin again and to thank Karaviev and bow out. It was a cinch I wouldn't be getting any help from Nicolas Boronin.

I looped around back of the Bolshoi and downed a couple of vodkas in the garden restaurant in Kousnetzky Square. Then I walked through Sverdlov into Revolution Square and out by the Lenin Museum, wondering why Karaviev had mixed news of the divorce with bringing Boronin in. Had Nikki been briefed, or was Karaviev pulling a fast one on both of us? Was he trying to catch me by surprise? Or Nikki? Or was this a way to show that my ex-wife's folks wanted no part of me, or what?

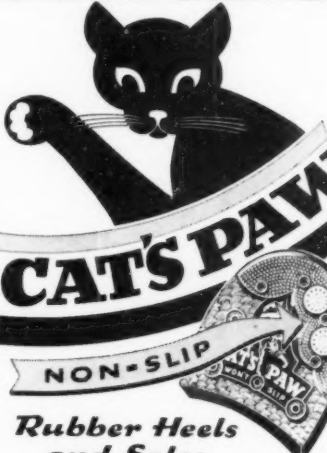
I wandered into the museum, still guessing, and a guide with a pointed stick showed me the overcoat Lenin wore, back in '22. I got tangled with a busload of kids from the country, while the comrade with the pointer read aloud from old newspaper clips under glass cases. The only thing I could think of was that I must see Tony Sellers. He met me in the lobby of the Moscow, and before I could say a word, snapped "Let's get out of here!" and we went across the square toward the gardens under the Kremlin wall.

When I started to talk as we weaved through the sidewalk crowd, Tony squeezed my arm and hissed "Shut up!" But when we were where it was quiet and I told him what had been happening, he said plenty, which added up to did I want to get him run out of Russia? If Karaviev had been throw-



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ing his Sunday pitch didn't I suppose he had brains enough to have somebody watch to see how I had taken it? Would I go back to my room and act like a guy with nothing on his mind; go take a ride on the Metro, go to the opera, go roll a hoop in Red Square, but keep away from him? I was the decoy, see? My job was to make the Russians think I had nothing on my mind about an ex-wife, or about anything but what I was supposed to be here for.

I asked him if he could sit still in similar circumstances and he said no, he was sure he couldn't, but that didn't change things. It was the only hope we had.

"Listen, Bill," Tony pleaded, "this isn't the Moscow you knew in '45 and these aren't the same Russians. Whether I can do anything or not, I don't know. Either way you probably won't lay eyes on me again before you go. Good luck!"

A civvy was walking slowly toward us down the path. Tony turned and went quickly toward the foot of the hill leading up into Red Square. I went the other way and came out the far side of the gardens. I crossed the narrow end of Manezhnaja and strolled back along the sidewalk in front of the American Embassy to the National.

**T**HE next two days were lived in a vacuum. The first night I went to "Swan Lake" with Karaviev's boy, but Oulanova might as well have been Susie Glotz.

I spent the second night looking out the window at nothing. Along toward daylight I dozed into a stupor, but by 7 a.m. I was in the tub, freshening up for a day of palsied inaction. By mid-afternoon the tension was getting unbearable. I went down to the Service Bureau and had them get me a ticket to the puppet theatre, just because Anna always liked the marionettes. In desperation I hoped I might run into her. After casing the first-act crowd, I left. Another five minutes of watching puppets dance on strings, and I'd have run screaming out of the theatre.

The next day I didn't even go out. About 11 a.m. the phone rang and I practically jumped across the room to grab it, thinking it must be some kind of signal from Tony. It was Karaviev's secretary to say a man named Makrinski would be coming to see me at 5 p.m. about the journey.

Makrinski turned up at 5.40 p.m. and said my papers would be over shortly and that he would appear, please, at 6 o'clock next morning with a car to go to the airport.

Recalling that last night in Moscow, it seems like manic nonsense, but its inertia was living hell while it lasted. Midnight passed, and I cursed Sellers for a glib double-crosser who had talked me out of doing the thing I had crossed half the world to do. Hadn't Anna settled the problem herself, by the routine technique for disposing of unwanted husbands? Why was I sweating it out by a phone I had been told wouldn't ring? I was learning the hard way that the horror factor of police power is not that it is visibly murderous, but silent and invisible, yet appallingly present.

Morning came at last and with it Makrinski, the first guy I'd met since leaving Helsinki who could take the system in his stride. Makrinski just sloughed off all troubles. To be obsequious was completely beyond his nature. Wherever he went he carried on voluble and explosive conversation with every minor oligarch who crossed his path and invariably wound up with a retinue of petty functionaries falling over each other to render service. His laughter was a gale. His words were shouts. Makrinski was a throwback to

the brave days when a citizen of Russia could function as a person in his own right.

The car swooped onto the airport and Makrinski and I ran into the terminal building, breathless, to show sheaves of tickets, documents, visas and permits to a chorus line of characters in motor-men's caps. Makrinski yelled at them, one by one and collectively, and when the torrent of words subsided, two insisted on carrying our bags out to the edge of the field. We sat on the pile to wait for the plane, while Makrinski cursed the Russian system of deferred departure. "You Russians are all the same," I said. "Nobody has been on time since Peter the Great."

Makrinski burst into a roar of laughter. "A Russian, you say!" he shouted between gusts. "Gospodin Cosgrove, I must inform you. I am no Russian. A Lett, is me. Soviet citizen, also. But no Russian. A vast difference."

He bellowed again like a bull, as if this were the *pièce de résistance* of the laughs of the year. Then he looked at me with manifest seriousness.

"But you, Gospodin Cosgrove," he said, "you seem unhappy. Perhaps no breakfast, da?"

"Da," I said. "No breakfast."

**M**AKRINSKI rocked again with merriment at this priceless sally and began to dig into an imitation leather valise, from the insides of which he unearthed an untidily wrapped parcel and a paper bag which obviously held a bottle. He looked at me with a friendly grin and said, "This will make travel a pleasure, yes?" I swigged deep of the vodka, gulped, winced and felt strong enough to face the caviar.

The plane was a wartime Dakota, still blurrily camouflaged. Fifteen minutes after we started breakfast it lumbered alongside and the pilot switched off and climbed out. For the next half hour nothing happened. Then the engines kicked over. The plane taxied to the junction with the nearest strip, turned, burst into a roar of engines and was air-borne without even a pause to rev the motors. There were no safety belts. Passengers smoked placidly during the short and bumpy take-off.

Even before the undercarriage had been pulled up, Makrinski had turned sideways, relaxed and dropped off to sleep. In the excitement I'd almost forgotten my troubles. As I lit a cigarette I told myself the wild-geese chase was over. I had failed and I would never see Anna again. Almost immediately, I smugged it out and slept.

The jar of wheels hitting runway awakened me. Makrinski, wide awake, grinned at me. I grinned back. The guy was doing me good.

The Intourist hotel in Riga's bombed-out downtown, had a room for us and while I shaved, Makrinski went to find out about the train to Libau. In about an hour he burst into the room clattering like a teletype.

"Many messages, Gospodin Cosgrove," he beamed. "Including one from the Commissar Karaviev. You will not be inconvenienced by returning to Riga, as it is now arranged that everything will be cleared at Libau. Is this satisfactory, please?"

I said it was most satisfactory. The sooner I could be on my way, the better. Makrinski said good and let us go out, because we had things to do, and as we emerged into the street he said "First let us sit in the square, where we can feel the sun."

I suggested we take a walk and Makrinski answered: "My friend, I request you to come to the square, because I can talk much better when sitting where I know nobody is listening." I said *khorocho* and we



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crossed into the parked area in the middle and found a bench.

At first we talked about nothing much and I began to get the fidgets again. People were going by and Makrinski cased them interestedly, one by one, as if looking for someone. But presently, when nobody was in earshot, he began to ask odd questions for a country where everybody operates on the idea that silence is golden, especially in the presence of foreigners.

"You were in Soviet Union during the Patriotic War," he said. "Did you make some friends?"

"Yes," I answered. "Many good friends. Things were different then."

"Da," he said. "They were much different."

More people began to go by. Makrinski watched them with fixed attention, despite the careless grin. When we were alone again he said: "You have one friend in Moscow now. An Amerikanski. The journalist Sellers."

Spoken so softly as to be almost inaudible, by a person whose most casual remarks usually sounded like public speeches, the statement came so unexpectedly I almost fell off the bench. Hours ago, back in Moscow, I had drilled myself to forget the whole business. *Nichevo*. The hell with it. Now here it was, right in front of me.

I took a minute and lit a cigarette. Yes, I said, I knew Sellers, in America before and in Moscow during the war.

A nice man, said Makrinski. A very nice man. The Lett fell silent while a couple of soldiers went past.

My senses had tautened like fiddle strings. Was this the signal Tony had told me I might get? Or was Makrinski just a big MVD boy, looking for promotion? Did he figure to draw me out, lie low until the last case of machine tools had been passed, then clap a bracelet on me? Whichever it was, I had to take the chance.

"You know the journalist Sellers well?" I asked.

"Since 1943 on the Volga," he answered. "He wrote many good things of the Red Army."

"And you see him sometimes now, in Moscow?"

"Only two days ago I did," Makrinski said. "He spoke of you."

I was about to lead straight down the middle when my companion suddenly burst into roars of mirth, slapping my shoulders and his own thighs. As he did so he began to pour out a stream of Russian, so rapidly I couldn't make a word of it. Had the guy gone mad? Was he about to put the snatch on me? A soberly dressed man, passing along a diagonal path only a few yards from our bench, looked toward us and bowed. Makrinski waved a hand casually and continued to roll out words until the passer-by reached the edge of the square and stepped off the curb into the traffic. Then he dropped his voice again.

"Speransky, of the Commissar Karaviev's office," he said. "Not a friend."

We were silent for a moment. Then I asked: "What did the *Gospodin* Sellers say about me?"

"Please," said Makrinski, "we must speak quietly, as if of ordinary things. You must not excite. Have you a light, please?"

He exhaled a cloud of smoke.

The *Gospodin* Sellers asked me to help you," he said, "and as we are comrades of the Volga, I must do so. Let us go in and find our lunch."

"One thing first," I cut in. "How did Sellers know that you would be here with me?"

"He did not know," Makrinski replied, "because I did not know myself. I am like you, engineer, and I make many journeys, sometimes to

Stockholm, even Finland, when machines or other things are coming to Soviet Union. But how I am here does not matter. Perhaps some day you will know, if you are alive to hear. Let us go in now, before people are beginning to wonder why two young men should sit alone in a square when it is time for eating."

**WE LUNCHEd** in the hotel restaurant, on caviar and on cutlets *a la kiev*, bursting with melted butter, helped down by a sound Black Sea wine. While we ate and drank, Makrinski was his normal uproarious self, talking, gesticulating and roaring with laughter. I sat on my chair like a ranrod. There weren't any words in my system right then which wouldn't have come out like dangerous questions in a public dining room.

"You must act as if enjoying your food and drink," Makrinski said quietly. "Talk and laugh as if life is good. You must not let people think you are an unhappy man, because an unhappy man is usually in trouble."

Back in the room, Makrinski said, "Now sleep. I will come back later."

"How do you think I can sleep?" I asked. Makrinski touched a finger to his lips and went out.

He did not return until the end of an afternoon that was a year long. The train would be going at 8 p.m., he said. We must dine early. Back in the restaurant it was easier to play the hand out. I was keyed up to the job. Things were beginning to happen, though I didn't know whether they would be good things or bad. If it was a trap, I was committed anyway. From here on in there'd be no ducking.

A porter brought down the bags and a waiter came out to the lobby with bread, caviar, vodka and Tokay. We must be prepared for eventualities, Makrinski told the man behind the desk, who grinned. Then the two launched into an energetic discussion, of all things about soccer, while I fidgeted and looked at the clock, ticking on toward half past eight. A chauffeur came in and said we should go. Makrinski waved a hand and the fellow went out again. In five minutes he came back, picked up the bags and took them out to the car. Makrinski continued his discourse on the national pastime. I just waited. It was hell.

Finally my companion glanced at the clock. The flow of talk stopped as suddenly as it had begun. He shook hands with the man at the counter, snapped in Russian, "Where is that driver?" grabbed me by the shoulders and practically pushed me into the street. We hit the station in another swelter of haste and shouts and shoving of documents and were bundled into a compartment in a corridor carriage as if

the train had been held for our arrival. Then we settled back in our seats and waited interminably for the thing to start.

The train inched slowly out of the station about quarter to 10. Half an hour later Makrinski stood up and stretched. Then he said he would like to visit the next car to look for a friend if I would not mind. I said I would not mind. Makrinski said good, and if the portress should come, would I ask her to make our compartment comfortable for the night? I said fine and Makrinski stepped into the corridor, leaving the sliding door open. I leaned back and opened a book, pretending to read.

Probably 10 minutes passed. I wouldn't know. What I remember was the door sliding along its groove and snicking shut. I looked up and in the dim light of the ceiling bulb I saw the girl porter leaning against the closed door. I looked again and jumped to my feet. It was Anna!

Trying to recall what happened, I guess we both just stood there, maybe for a second, maybe a minute, maybe five. But into whatever time it was four endless years were dissolving. Then one of us must have moved toward the other, or maybe both of us did. Then we were locked together, lips on lips, and the four years were gone. Neither of us said a word. Words weren't needed. I'd found my girl again. I knew the answer to a question that had brought me clear across the world and the question didn't even have to be asked.

The train lurched and threw us onto one of the seats that ran the width of the compartment. I held Anna away at arm's length and looked at her in the half-light. For all the drab grey, ill-fitting loose rig and equally drab scarf twisted around her head, the uniform of a portress, it was the same lovely girl I had left behind at the Moscow airport long years ago. I started to speak, and as I said her name she leaned toward me, touching a finger to my lips for silence and bringing me back sharply to the jeopardy that from here on in we would share. In that moment I knew we had come to the gantlet and would run it together. If one failed, then both would.

All uncertainty was gone. I had my girl and she was into this with me clear up to her wonderful eyes.

Knowing that it was by her own free choice sent the grandest sense of strength surging through me I've ever known. Send in your MVD boys! The Cosgroves could slug it out, even if there weren't any Cosgroves left when the slugging was over! The door snicked shut and brought me back to the world I had to live, scheme and fight in. Anna was gone. ★

To be completed in the next issue

NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE APRIL 26

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## Pogo's Pal Kelly

Continued from page 21

The cartoonist wears an eyeshade cut down from a green felt hat and keeps a low hum of classical music on the radio by his elbow as he works. Sometimes he gets up and crosses the room to a grand piano. "I can't play it," he says, rattling off a fair *étude*. "But I can think on it." In the summer Kelly moves into the cool cellar with his drawing board. He has a proper studio perched on a rock above the house but the kids took it over as a playhouse and moved him out.

In his swampland menagerie, Kelly is personally attracted to Albert the pragmatic alligator. "Albert is pretty close to the average American for the past two generations," he says. "Including me, naturally, as long as I can get a cigar." Albert swaggers into a mess of troubles, the consequences of which fall on someone else, usually Pogo. One time Albert offended a newcomer named Bull Moose and Pogo got manoeuvred into challenging Bull Moose to a duel—given the choice of weapons the moose chose horns. Albert acquired a portable radio and blew out the lights in 11 southern states by trying to plug it into a power line. He found an alternative source of current by dangling the radio cord in the creek, where it was grabbed by an electric eel. The eel cheerfully performed his cultural service until he heard a commercial announcement for chopped eel cakes. He spit out the plug and returned to the muddy bottom.

Porkypine, a morose blob of misanthropy, is Kelly's most intellectual character. "He and Pogo and Howland Owl are the only ones who know they are in a comic strip," the cartoonist explains. Porky has gone so far as to blurt out in print that nature's screechers are "employees of a comic strip." Once he walked grumpily out of the last panel saying, "The humor of this strip eludes me." Porkypine's mordant asides bring protest letters from human intellectuals who criticize Kelly for letting Porky break the spell. Porky is usually sadly correct when he warns the others of folly. During football season Porkypine advised Pogo to fill the ball with sand because it leaked slower than air. His advice was disregarded; they filled it with air and kicked off to Porky. The ball exploded when it struck his quilly chest.

### Plug Plug Had to Walk

Dr. Howland Owl, the scientist in the strip, is an addled old party with an alchemist's hat and heavy glasses. He can be depended upon to gum up any scientific project he undertakes, from weather forecasting to his latest exploit, the construction of the Adam Bomb. One time Howland Owl was explaining some muddled mathematics to his friends. He got a shovel and began digging in the swamp for a square root. Howland never did spade up a square root. All he unearthed was a pirate chest full of diamonds, rubies, and pieces of eight. "Shovel her back," his friends cried in disappointment. "Better luck next time, professor."

Plug Plug the Duck appears frequently in the swamp. He is the mailman. When he first showed up, weeks late with the mail after a weary trudge through the swamp, Pogo asked him why he didn't fly. Plug Plug replied that the letters didn't have air-mail stamps.

f Beauregard the Houn' Dog fancies himself a great criminologist and provides many a shattering denouement. Beauregard and Howland Owl are

Kelly's sly spoof at the deadly detectives and mad scientists who populate other alleged comic strips. Rival cartoon dicks may uproot atom spy rings, but Beauregard goofs up such a simple operation as luring a groundhog out of his hole. After days of scientific finagling Beauregard's "groundhog" came out. It was a large nasty cinnamon bear. Sinister physicists in other strips may be able to blow up planets and dish up truth drugs like creamed chicken at a church supper, but Howland Owl can't even guess the weather with a two-headed coin. As Pogo says—and it goes for the rest of them—"I is more the human bean type."

Walt Kelly's human bean philosophy was glowingly illustrated the day Pogo and Porkypine eavesdropped on the meeting of two ants. The first insect said, "I is a red ant and they is 42 trillion of us. And red ants and black ants is mortal type enemies." The second replied, "I is a black ant and we is 44,002,723,001,279 strong. We is willin' to annihilate any or all of you-all." Pogo and Porky anxiously watched the two ants square off. "Also I is a girl ant," the first boasted. "Ant I is a boy ant," came the reply. Thereupon the ants linked arms and strolled off, singing a tiny duet. Porkypine observed, "Well, look like we isn't gone run out of ants for a while, anyways."

Kelly's dialogue, of which the ant episode is a sample, is a fractured subdivision of telegraphese crossed with Cape Fear speech, influenced by Peter Kelly grammar and a side trip to the moon. Many readers think it is the indigenous tongue of some Southern region, the Okefenokee swamp, perhaps, or the Everglades. Kelly, however, has never been south of Southern California. He greatly admires southern folk culture, to him the most imaginative and beautiful lore of America, but he picked it up from books and from listening to southerners like his father.

### The Star Fell But Pogo Rose

Kelly has a thousand animals up his sleeve. Every other day a spectacular new beast, bird, or fish enters the swamp, as colorful and different as individuals in your town or mine. He has introduced Rackety-Coon, Harold the Ground Squirrel, tadpoles, worms, a bad man named Gopher Yerguns, Mis' Hop Frog, Sam "the natural-born turtle," a deafening folk singer named Travellin' Boll Weevil, a village gossip named Mis' Heron, and a microscopic bug called Currier B. Ives, an accomplice of the con man, Dr. Seminole Sam. Currier B. Ives was remarkable for the fact he was completely invisible and furthermore he had the knack of engraving patriotic and pious texts on the point of a pin. None of the animals could read his messages, even if they could read.

Kelly worked for Walt Disney for four years, a background which is evident in his work. He was encouraged by Charles Thorson, now illustrating in Winnipeg, who was one of Disney's top "model men." The model man is a key artist in the film cartoon studio; he visualizes the cartoon characters in a series of master sketches showing the animators how the figure looks from all sides and what facial expressions and movements are characteristic. Thorson nurtured Kelly's development while they worked together on "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Dumbo."

Kelly says he learned two things at Disney's studio which have been valuable for Pogo: timing and contrast of characters. Fellow cartoonists praise Kelly's mastery of narrative. While keeping a story running for weeks

with mounting suspense Kelly confines each daily episode to a little story in itself. You can catch Pogo only occasionally and get a laugh from the day's episode.

Pogo the possum first appeared in 1943 as a secondary figure in a dime comic book, "Bombazine and Pogo," by Walt Kelly. Five years later Kelly found himself as editorial cartoonist and art director of the N. Y. Star, a liberal daily whose readers enjoyed his political cartoons of Thomas E. Dewey, who was depicted as a mechanical man. The Star comic pages looked thin, so art editor Kelly ordered editorial cartoonist Kelly to contribute a strip by Kelly.

When the Star suspended publication last spring an important visitor entered the swamp, one Robert N. Hall, chief of the Post-Hall Newspaper Syndicate, who plucked Pogo from the debris.

### Caterpiggie Went for Help

Though Pogo is a runaway hit Kelly isn't yet in the big dough. But offers are coming in for commercial exploitation rights: licenses to manufacture Pogo dolls, Pogo movies, Pogo games and Pogo books. Americans cannot rest without clutching effigies of their comic strip idols, such as Sparkle Plenty dolls, Schmoo balloons and Dick Tracy junior assassination equipment.

While he is hanging on to Pogo's rapid tail Kelly is keeping up his comic book work. He draws a monthly advertising book called "Peter Wheat," an obvious biography of son Peter Kelly. He turns out six one-shot comic books a year. His total strip production without assistants amounts to 12 paneled pages a week.

His sweat and imagination earn Kelly perhaps \$15,000 a year. This is pitiful potatoes compared with the loot if Pogo crashes the Four Hundred. Al Capp is said to have made \$750,000 last year from the Schmoo byproduct of Li'l Abner alone and is now relaxing by explaining humor in the Atlantic Monthly. Kelly read Capp's pastiche and remarked, "Al's claim that the basis of all comedy is man's inhumanity to man explains more about Capp than comedy. He may be relieved by violence but others aren't."

The nearest Kelly ever got to violence was when he drew a suspenseful serial strip called "The Parsnip and Possum Pie," starring Pogo in the pie. There was poor Pogo clapped into a pot by Wiley Cat and that villainous fox, Dr. Seminole Sam. One of Pogo's pals, Caterpiggie, had gone off at a fast wriggle for help, but things looked very grim. Dr. Sam and Wiley Cat, however, couldn't read so good and therefore were struggling with the possum pie recipe.

The villains spell out, "Possums are D-E-L-I-C-I-O-U-S fried." Pogo leans out of the pot to explain helpfully that "delicious" spells poison.

That's one good reason why Walt Kelly is in love with his "nature's screechers." Looking up from his littered drawing board he grins, "They solve their own problems. That's the kind of guys they are." ★

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## Maverick Member From Fernie

Continued from page 14

unawed by the legislature's blue carpet and marble pillars. "That's the trouble with too many of us these days — we're afraid of good clean fun. We all take ourselves too seriously. Why, it wouldn't matter a bit if none of us was here tomorrow. There's others, and better, to carry on. As long as no one's hurt fun's a good thing in life. We gotta have some nonsense or we'd all go nuts, plain nuts."

The man who assumes the duty of unstuffing B. C.'s legislative shirt is also the sole official voice of capital L. Labor in the House. He has no particular authority to say he's Labor, but no one objects, certainly not Labor. For Tom Uphill is a laboring man with callused hands, a coal miner in his native Wales and his adopted B. C., and he speaks for the working man with a born ease and a blunt direction.

Against the Liberal - Conservative Coalition Government and the CCF Opposition, Uphill sails his political boat in single glory. He is captain and crew and is careful to let no one know in advance which way he's going to steer. He doesn't know himself, most of the time, until the last minute. Sometimes he favors the Government, sometimes the Opposition. Though not vital to either, each likes Tom as a supporter. His only guide is what Labor wants, what his supporters expect of him. When the CCF presents itself as the champion of Labor, Uphill gets up, shaking his fist, to let everyone know he's the only bona fide Labor M.L.A. — and please, would the CCF stop trying to horn in with high-sounding hollow phrases?

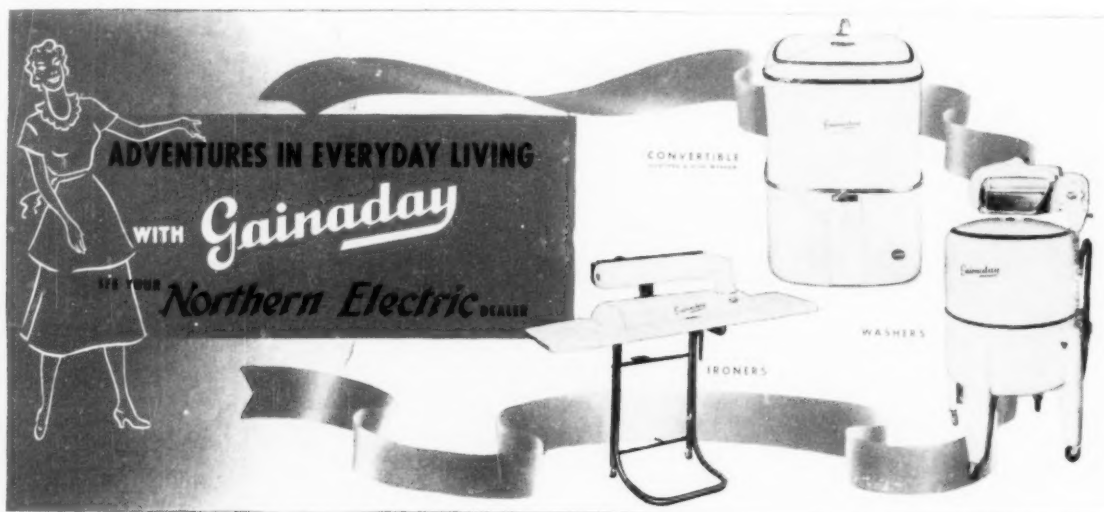
He usually has his say about the Liberals and Conservatives being tied together. A shotgun marriage, he calls it; a forced and disgraceful affair. Anyway, says Tom, perhaps it's as well — they're both the same. "The only difference between Liberals and Conservatives anyway," he says, "is the label. It's just like the jam we got as soldiers in South Africa — plum stones in the strawberry and strawberry seeds in the vegetable marrow."

When the Speaker reminds the hon. member he mustn't waste too much time on subjects that have nothing to do with the House, Tom looks offended, can usually be depended on to let go with something like this: "Now, Mr. Speaker . . . I'm an old friend of yours . . . if you'll let me speak for another half hour I'll give you a bottle of whisky — no water in it, either, if I can find a bottle like that in this here defraudin' government's liquor stores."

### The Premier Was "Duff" to Tom

Tom has brightened things up by calling Attorney-General Robert Henry Pooley (1928-33), a product of England's top-flight public schools, "me good old college chum, Harry Pooley." To Attorney-General G. S. Wismer today he says: "Now, for goodness sake, Gordon, are you telling me I don't know the law?" He called ex-Premier Thomas Dufferin Pattullo "Duff" ex-Premier John Hart, "Jack"; present Premier, Byron Johnson, he addresses as "Boss." This is strictly against the rules. Members should be addressed as "the hon. member from so-and-so." Nobody gets away with such flippancy but Tom.

When Government members and Opposition members during a session call frequent caucuses, Tom says, "I caucus with meself." In the House





when a contentious bill comes in, he rises in great dignity, but with always a twinkle, to say: "Mr. Speaker, I'd like more time. I haven't had time yet to caucus this here proposition."

Then he might retire to his sessional office in the Legislative Buildings, a cubbyhole with red plush furniture, high over the main entrance, with a fine view of harbor and lawns. There his cronies visit him, sometimes bringing a case of beer, prime him on what to say to rouse the Government.

#### Should a Gentleman Advertise?

Behind his rough-and-ready exterior, behind the gravel voice, Tom Uphill is gentle. But he's death on snobbery. Consider the State Dinner given in mid-February by the Lieutenant-Governor of B. C., the Hon. Charles A. Banks, for private members of the Legislature.

There was formality in the baronial dining room of Government House atop Victoria's exclusive Rockland Hill. The long mahogany table gleamed in candlelight, logs burned in the massive fireplace, silver bowls of daffodils and tulips brought spring indoors. A butler, footmen, half a dozen maids gave faultless service. Vintage wines were served and the dinner was the best available in British Columbia. The aroma of choice cigars curled to the paneled ceiling.

The Lieutenant-Governor wore his Royal Court uniform—white satin knee breeches, white silk stockings, jacket heavy with gold braid, shiny black pumps with silver buckles. All the M.L.A. guests—but one—wore white ties and tails and medals if any.

The guest of honor, T. H. Uphill, senior M.L.A., wore a business suit, no medals, and sat to the Lieutenant-Governor's right. As a laboring man

Tom thinks it disloyal to hard-working folk to wear formal clothes anywhere, even to Government House. ("You can drink champagne and toast the King, God bless 'im, just as well in a working suit as'n a monkey suit . . . A gentleman doesn't have to advertise he's a gentleman.")

Uphill will be 76 in June, doesn't like to be reminded of it. Says it's a mistake. But when he was a lot younger he told the Parliamentary Guide he was born in 1874. So there it is in black and white and there's no erasing it. "You've heard of those typographic errors, haven't you?" asks Tom.

Uphill loves a good time. He can mix rum and whisky of an evening, stay up half the night telling fantastic stories, pick himself up with just one bottle of beer next morning, be as good as ever, while some younger M.L.A.'s have such hang-overs they wish they hadn't been elected. Tom's secret: he gave up smoking.

#### A Fist for the Fanatics

Tom usually makes one speech a session on liquor. B. C., he says, has stupid liquor regulations. They're so stupid they encourage drinking—that's what they do, Mr. Speaker. If you could buy a drink now and then, just one, or maybe two, you wouldn't be tempted to buy a whole bottle and kill it at one sitting. That sort of thing, Mr. Speaker, actually goes on in British Columbia—yes it does, Mr. Speaker—young people buying a whole bottle and drinking it all in hotel bedrooms and in the back seats of cars, parked cars . . .

During the wartime shortage of liquor Uphill roared in a hoarse and agitated voice: "Tell Mackenzie King before it's too late to mend his ways

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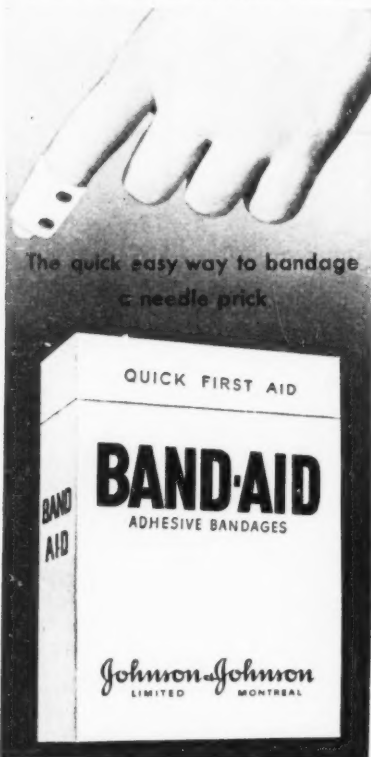
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and let us have beer, more beer and plenty of it, so that we will have a happy and contented nation."

On the least provocation he heaves forth with a stiff upper cut at the prohibitionists: "A bunch of minority fanatics who blast from their pulpits about the evils of beer. They have never traveled about in the world, they have never worked on the blast furnaces, they have never eaten a peck of dirt in the mines. Men who work in the mines fancy that a pint of beer does them good after work and it's no business of the prohibitionists whether it does or not."

Uphill has his say on every subject that comes up for debate. One time the House viewed with alarm the rising divorce rate in B. C.—it's the highest in Canada, one of the highest in North America. The attorney-general said something should be done to tighten up divorce laws.

"Widen them, not tighten them," sang out Uphill. "If you don't widen them—and I give fair warning—it means free love, right in this province." Then he looked about the House and remarked everyone was getting on in years and so was no longer interested in the romance and excitement of swapping partners. "Age," he said, sadly, "is a great leveler. It's age brings on this 'holier-than-thou' talk."

He wants sweepstakes for hospitals. It's silly and dishonest the way it is now, he says. Here's everybody buying sweepstake tickets and taking chances on this and that, and gambling is supposed to be against the law.

Then he looks about the chamber and, in a loud stage whisper, lets out with, "Say, Mr. Speaker, I'll tell you a secret. Last night I saw a crap game over in the hotel, and who do you suppose was shouting 'little eighter from Decatur?'" He didn't tell. M.L.A.'s with guilty consciences breathed a bit easier.

When he pleads for sweepstakes the lawyers in the House moan, "We have no power—Ottawa says they're illegal."

Tom pauses, puts hands on hips, spits scorn as he says, "Then let's declare home rule for British Columbia. The machinery is all at hand for sweepstakes. When they know how honest we're running 'em, thousands of people from across the line will take a chance with us."

### He's All for a Peerage

Seeing the hopelessness of arguing for legalized sweepstakes Tom advocated a system of titles in British Columbia. He thought the rich would be only too happy to buy titles. He figured some millionaire of Victoria would put up, oh, say, a quarter of a million to become "The Earl of Oak Bay." A Vancouver tycoon might think it worth perhaps half a million to be "The Duke of Stanley Park." Even he, Tom Uphill, a miner born and bred, wouldn't mind being called Lord Fernie, he added.

Time was in the B. C. House when members, feet on desks, read the newspapers, ignoring the speeches and the business. John Hart, when he was premier, thought this rude. No more paper reading, he ruled. One of the five women members, Mrs. Hodges, took to knitting to while away the tedious hours.

One day, Tom Uphill, tongue clenched in teeth, wrapped his big paws around two knitting needles and struggled with a small, soft, white article. Promptly Mr. Speaker, seeing the commotion this innocent act caused, stopped him. Knitting, said the Speaker, was against the rules. "Against the rules, for gracious sake," said Tom Uphill. "Will the Speaker

please look at me knittin' partner, Nancy (Mrs. Hodges)." The Speaker, giving no reasons, decided the hon. member from Fernie shouldn't knit.

"Remember, Mr. Speaker," said Tom, "there are still some of us men in this chamber and we've got to have somethin' to do. I can't understand why you took my newspaper away."

Members by this time were asking Tom what he was knitting, whose blessed event he was expecting, things like that.

### Better Roads, Higher Pensions

The knitting argument waged for a good five minutes. Tom, putting away the offending needles, said, "I've got so many requests for me knittin' that I don't know how I'm going to find time for me sessional duties."

Once he brought a portable radio in, hid it in his desk. No one could understand where music was coming from. When Tom was exposed by the man next to him Mr. Speaker outlawed the radio. Tom carried it away, muttering something about it being a sin to frown on good clean music.

For a few hours each morning he's seriously busy, writing his speeches, dictating letters to cabinet ministers asking for better roads, higher old-age pensions, more pay for teachers. He does his duty by the people who elect him and he knows the value of publicity in his own bailiwick. He gets a reporter from the Press Gallery to put his speeches into newspaper language and the home-town editor gives them front-page spreads. That makes Tom purr.

This phenomenon in B. C.'s public life worked as a boy in the coal mines of Wales. He didn't like it much. He preferred to make speeches, saying that youngsters shouldn't have to work, but should be at school. He found he had the kind of voice people pay attention to. He found he could stir people up.

In 1906 he came to Canada, went right to the coal mines of Fernie. Soon he was shouting about the way the big

bosses held the little man down. That's how he got into civic politics. He was elected alderman, then mayor of the town. Now he's mayor again.

In 1916 he ran for the legislature, was defeated. He was first elected in 1920 and has been re-elected seven times since. As an M.L.A. he gets a sessional indemnity of \$2,000 plus \$1,000 expenses. He needs this to keep himself and his wife, who seldom see Victoria. Their five sons and a daughter are grown up.

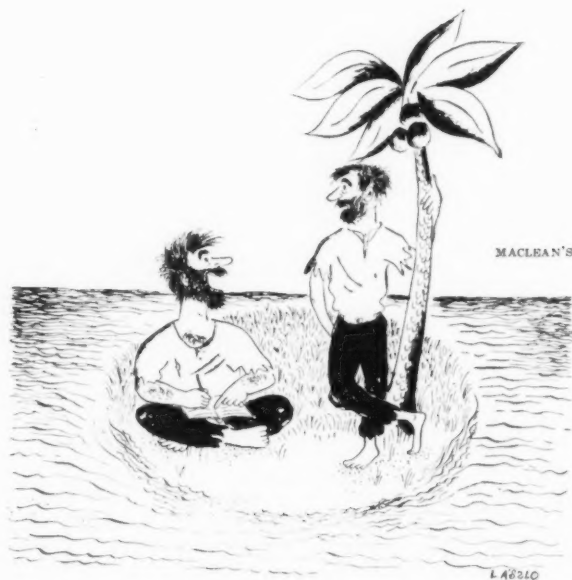
"It's fine bein' a M.L.A.," says Tom, "especially a free M.L.A. like me. I don't have to bother with politics. I don't care what any party boss says. Nobody tells me what to do. I just do me best for the people that elect me and pay me salary. And I tell you there's satisfaction when you're free because every now and then you get a real chance to do somethin' to help somebody, without wonderin' if it's good for you—politically speakin', that is."

### Some Drawbacks to Freedom

This freedom, though satisfying, has its drawbacks, admits Tom. "He longin' to no party, the way I do, I don't get no patronage to hand out," he says. "I never see any campaign funds—but I'm wonderin' if they're so important after all. Look at me, never beat in 30 years. No party man, toin' the party line and with nice fat campaign funds to tide him over each election, can say that. And no cabinet minister ever spoke in me behalf, though I love 'em all, God bless 'em."

"Why won't those fellas listen to me?" Tom asks wistfully. "They're here today, gone tomorrow. I could tell 'em how to get elected and stay elected—just be honest with yourself, don't be a almighty big shot, struttin' round all over the place."

Always look after the other fellow, says Tom. "Take me. I don't care if I never have another drink in me life, but I'm at an age when I think it better to drink it all meself rather than let the stuff ruin other people." ★



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## I Tried Suicide

*Continued from page 15*

Remembering that, I felt not only ashamed but outraged. I had almost given up my resolve to kill myself, because I clearly didn't have enough courage. But now, flushing hotly at what seemed to me the final humiliation, I went back to the suicide plans. If I could just find an easier death . . .

Then, cringing miserably in my narrow bed, I had a flash of inspiration. Why hadn't I thought of it before? I could cut my throat!

I sat up (I hadn't lifted my head from the sweat-soaked pillow until then) and snapped my fingers exultantly. That was certainly the thing! I would buy an old-fashioned straight-edge razor and late that night, when my wife was asleep in the next room, I would make one slashing stroke at my jugular vein. And that would be the end of me and my troubles.

Reasoning like that I was suddenly flooded with a wonderful sense of well-being. Now I knew I was going to die I felt as a condemned prisoner must when he is reprieved at the last minute from the electric chair.

I leaped out of bed, pulled my dressing gown around me, and went along the corridor to the little bathroom. I had lately grown careless and dirty, and hadn't bothered to take a shower for days on end. Now it seemed important to be scrupulously clean again. I scrubbed myself and washed my hair, and sang cheerfully under the stinging hot spray.

I shaved with my safety razor—twice over so as to do a neat job, and taking the greatest care not even to nick myself. That, I remember, seemed important too; the lunatic inconsistency of it never for one instant occurred to me.

I put on my best clothes, and spent at least five minutes tying and retying my tie until the knot suited me. Then I went in to wake my wife. She was glad, poor soul, to see me looking so much better and to hear me talk like a man of spirit again instead of a whining dead beat or, what was worse, a drunken braggart.

She, too, dressed with special care, to go out and have breakfast with a good appetite because now, finally, I was ready to face the world and make a comeback. That, you see, is what I told her. It was an essential part of my plan that she should believe me and have no suspicion of what I was really going to do.

### My Last Night on Earth

After breakfast we rode up to Washington Heights and back in a Fifth Avenue bus, which had been one of our favorite things to do in the happy past, and in the afternoon we went to the movies. Then we had a couple of cocktails at a bar, ate a very early dinner and went home.

I persuaded my wife to lie down and rest while I went to a liquor store for a bottle of whisky to celebrate with. I also had to get the razor.

I had noticed a hardware store near our apartment house which had a display of straight razors in the window, arranged like the petals of some monstrous and glittering flower. I headed for it through the dusk and the first swirling flakes of a Manhattan snowstorm, half-running to be sure of getting there before the shop closed.

I made it just in time. I thought the clerk looked at me strangely when I told him what I had come for. It didn't strike me that this was because I was red-faced and out of breath from hurrying. I was afraid he guessed why

Maclean's Magazine, April 15, 1960

I wanted the razor and that he would refuse to sell it to me, or that he might even call the police.

I launched into a long and elaborate story to allay his suspicion—how I was fed up with safety razors, having tried every one of the popular makes and found none that would give me the kind of shave I liked. I had come to the conclusion, I said, that the old way was best.

I went on and on and at last the clerk got impatient and said he wanted to close the store. Babbling apologies I picked a razor at random from the tray on the counter; he wrapped it up; I took it and left.

Once clear of the store my self-possession came back and I felt happy. I kept touching the flat parcel in my pocket over and over again to reassure myself that nothing could stop me now.

This, finally and definitely, was my last night on earth; and because of that it was good, for a few more hours, to be alive.

It was so good I stopped in at a bar on the way home and had several drinks, listening to dance music from a softly playing radio and breathing with intense pleasure the warm, perfumed and smoky air. Then I went on to the liquor store and bought not one but two bottles of whisky. I knew my wife wouldn't take much, but I wanted to make certain there would be enough to drink myself brave with when the moment came.

### Which Fear Was the Greater?

There was indeed enough. I was already moderately drunk when I left my wife toward midnight and went next door to my room where I had hidden the razor and the second bottle. And when I had got through half my secret whisky, and was trying to unwrap the razor (for some reason I felt I had to untie the string and not break it and I was fumbling badly), I felt so very brave I changed my mind.

Tomorrow I would face the world and do just as I had promised my wife. The razor, still in its brown paper parcel, fell to the floor. Let it stay there, I said to myself. Suicide is for cowards and weaklings. All I need, I told myself, is a good night's sleep.

It was early morning when I woke. In the faint first light reflected by the snow on the sloping roof outside the window I could see my bedroom in all its bleak squalor. Shame and despair came over me again. Without the raw warmth of whisky to bolster me up the last trace of my bravery was gone. I had to cut my throat—and quickly before my wife woke.

The razor, when I had undone the wrappings and opened its imitation leather case, terrified me. My fingers were trembling so much it was hard to get hold of the blunt back of the blade and pull it out from the white handle, and at the sight of the naked, shining steel I closed my eyes and shuddered. Yesterday morning I had been sure cutting my throat would scarcely hurt at all. Now I was just as sure it would be agony.

That was when I began to teeter wildly between the fear of pain (but not of death, which I longed for) and the fear of living. I put down the open razor and turned away, gagging and sick, and imagined how the slashing would feel; and for a minute or two I stood there, swaying. Then I thought about the future, and with a swooping rush my mind veered back and I picked up the razor again and lifted it halfway to my neck. The blade gleamed wickedly in the light of the single unshaded bulb, and once more I gagged and dropped the thing on the bed.

That happened perhaps a dozen



times, and each time the revulsion came wilder and faster. I caught sight of my watch on the little bed table. It was 7 o'clock. I could no longer put it off.

A kind of stunned calm came over me, cold and empty. I stopped shaking. My mind was clear. I would lock the door. I would finish the whisky. And then I would pick up the razor for the last time. But I wouldn't draw it across with one decisive stroke as I had planned. I would simply lay the edge along my throat, at the right place, and press gently until the blade sank in and sliced through the vein. That way, I imagined, it wouldn't hurt so damnably.

My sick brain was proud of this idea, I remember. It gave me a feeling almost of self-respect to have worked out a new and improved method of throat cutting. I locked the door. I drank the whisky (an obscure sense of fitness made me pour it into the soiled tumbler in which I kept my toothbrush instead of guzzling it straight from the bottle as I had been doing lately). And I lay down on the bed, reached for the razor, and put it against my throat between chin and Adam's apple.

At the touch of the blade, as delicate as a cobweb, I had another idea. Somehow, for a reason I couldn't explain to myself, I felt it would be less painful if I made the cut on the side instead of at the front. Holding the razor in my right hand I turned my head to the right and lightly, carefully, laid the blade in position on the exposed left side of my neck. And then, with everything ready, I froze.

#### With a Wordless Prayer—

I couldn't move. All the fear of pain I had ever felt came back in a paralyzing wave. I held my breath. I broke out in a clammy sweat that soaked my pyjamas and made the palms of my hands slippery so that the razor stirred and slid in my grasp. The touch of the blade was like a hair now; at the least shade more pressure it would cut the skin.

My mind swung to my fear of life again, the shoddy, disgraceful future flashed before my eyes, and I winced at what I saw. My fingers tightened in a swift spasm of disgust and I felt a sudden burning along my neck. Good God, I thought I've cut myself!

It was the normal reflex of a normal man. But a second later the moment of sanity passed. I had actually cut myself at last and it had hardly hurt at all. I had only to press a little harder, feel a little hotter burning, and I would die.

I thought of my mother as I remembered her when I was a child. I thought of my wife, with love and shame, and my heart turned over. Then I set my teeth, said a wordless prayer for mercy, and pressed down on the razor as hard as I could.

It was as though my neck had been struck by a sword and at the same instant sprayed with flame from a blowtorch. The blade sank into my flesh, and behind the pain I felt the severed tendons part and pull back.

Blood rushed out like hot water from a tap. There was a high thin singing in my ears, and there was first darkness and then nothing . . .

When I opened my eyes again the pain was gone. Slowly, cautiously, I touched the side of my neck. At the open edges of the wound the bleeding had stopped.

Why wasn't I dead? In my nightmare I tore at the wound with my chilled fingers. There was a blinding flash of sheer agony, then a trickle of blood that stopped almost at once. I had failed.

My mind slid into sheer panic. Again and again I told myself that I had to die. Again and again I reached for the razor and drew my hand back, flinching. It was beyond me to touch it. It was beyond me to go on living.

#### A Second Chance to Live

Sick with desperation I crawled out of bed, fumbled with the catch of the window, struggled feebly with the frame, finally got it open. Then, barefooted in my blood-soaked pyjamas, I staggered to the railing on the edge of the roof and looked over.

At the sight of the frightful 20-story drop, down and down past the side of the building to a stone-paved yard, my head swam dizzily and I began to retch. I couldn't do it. I couldn't.

Blindly I turned away. My knees were buckling, but somehow I managed to get to the window, to get myself through it and fall fainting on my bed.

When I came to the room was full of people. I felt I was looking at them from under water—my wife, pale and shaken; the superintendent of the building, with the pass-keys jangling in his hand; two white-clad men with a stretcher; and an immense policeman in a black rubber cape, writing in a notebook.

I groped for my neck again, feebly, and felt the dry bulge of a dressing. I tried to speak, but couldn't. I wanted, more than anything else, to tell my wife I was sorry.

I heard myself croaking, trying to form the words, and presently the sound changed to the clanging of a gong. I was in an ambulance, being rushed to hospital through the streets of New York. My wife was beside me, stroking my forehead.

So it wasn't too late. I had another chance and I was glad I was not dead. It wasn't too late. Nothing else mattered at that moment.

I found in that moment the truth and power in the trite little maxim I had often written in my copybook as a child—while there is life there is hope. I wasn't too late to try again to live.

But it wasn't easy, trying again. Even when I got out of hospital weeks later it was hard to remember always that being alive is a boon. But I gained in strength of spirit as the time passed. Resolve flowed through me from the simple realization that I was alive.

I started at the job I had rejected in my mind—I washed dishes. And, as I had foreseen, I hated it. Then I began studying accounting at night and finally landed a job in an office. The jobs improved. So did my attitude.

There were, however, fits of depression that threw me back and down but never again to the brink of self-destruction. I threw off these moods with my wife's help for she stood beside me, strong when I was weak and forgiving when I was consumed with remorse.

That struggle is ended. Today, I feel it's good to be alive. Nothing remains now but the memory of that day as livid as the scar I will always carry at my neck. ★

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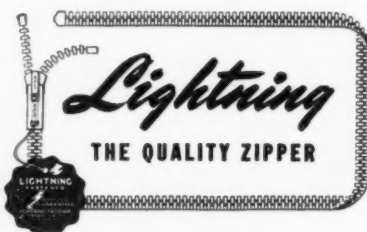
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## Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 16

without firing a shot. Neither the villagers nor the Englishwoman were inclined to regard the Nationalists as friends and protectors, the Communists as enemies.

From their base on Formosa the Chiang forces are continuing this type of behavior on a major scale. They abandoned Shanghai without a fight, leaving the power station intact. Then, from Formosa, they sent planes to bomb the Shanghai power station and, incidentally, the homes around it. The planes are American; the people killed are Chinese.

All of Canada's information, from our own officials and from the British, supported the conclusions of the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) in a recent letter to President Truman:

"Our protracted observations in Communist territory during the past three years have led us to the conclusion that the success of the Chinese Communist Party cannot be attributed to the Russians . . . None of our returned workers with experience in many parts of Communist-held China below the Great Wall has ever seen any Russian military equipment or Russian military advisers. Our observations confirm the view . . . that the Communists have won because the Nationalist Government has lost popular support . . .

"We believe that further intervention (on behalf of the Nationalists) will result in hardening . . . Chinese resentment against America, perhaps beyond redemption, and strengthening Sino-Russian ties . . . We believe that by treating Communist China as an enemy and by refusing to recognize her, we are not isolating China, we are isolating ourselves and throwing away the chance of influencing the course of events in China."

There were other reasons, too, in favor of recognition. A considerable number of Canadian missionaries have been anxious to go back to their posts—they can't, because there are no officials with whom the Canadian Government can deal to arrange their return. For the same reason Canadians can't do business in China (a major point in Ambassador Davis' argument).

Finally, and perhaps most important, there is ample evidence that non-recognition of Communist China is exactly what the Kremlin wants. In Europe, by deliberate provocation, Western diplomats are being driven out of the satellite countries like Bulgaria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. In China such tactics aren't necessary; our own policy of nonrecognition makes contact between China and the West impossible.

Most of these facts are conceded by Progressive Conservative and other opponents of recognition. This whole argument is less a party matter than it has appeared—some Progressive Conservatives are inclined to agree with the Pearson line, many Liberals agree with George Drew, and the disagreement itself is not as wide nor as intense as some speeches would indicate.

Opposition to "recognition now" is based on quite different premises, which are also accepted on both sides. They are two:

1. Recognition now might look like appeasement, might encourage Communist movements in other Asian countries (notably French Indo-China), might damage anti-Communist morale

by "loss of face." This view was strongly put, in Parliament, by a Liberal M.P., L. T. Stick of Newfoundland, as well as by Drew.

2. Recognition, whenever it comes, will give Chinese Communists certain advantages in Canada and will gravely embarrass many Chinese here. Most of our Canadian Chinese have relatives in the old land. They expect that Red China's consuls and attachés would act as Communist organizers, using black-mail to force Canadian Chinese onto the Red bandwagon. Those who refuse will lose business in China and may cause injury to relatives there. Those who yield (and even those who don't) fear loss of business in Canada and the humiliation of constant RCMP scrutiny and "screening."

That is the valid case against recognition now. Unfortunately there is another case. It's the appeal to blind prejudice—"No truck or trade with Communism"—and that's the one most likely to have political impact.

Many Liberals, especially in Quebec, fear that recognition may be distorted into approval of Red China. No responsible M.P. in any party believes this, but not all politicians are responsible.

\* \* \*

Nothing will be done about it this session, nor until the Massey Commission completes its report, but the Government is already considering a program of aid to universities. Details are still vague but the outlay would probably run to \$5 millions or \$6 millions a year.

University presidents gathered here before Parliament opened to explain their plight to the Government. Now that DVA benefits are falling off the colleges are getting into dire straits. They simply cannot afford to go on giving, at present fees, anything like present standards of education. Provincial governments are responsible, under the constitution, for education at all its levels but the universities find provincial governments too poor or too uninterested, or both.

Ottawa is neither. Of all employers in Canada, the Federal Government is the largest consumer of educated men. In External Affairs, Finance, the Bank of Canada and other departments, Ottawa has accumulated an astonishing concentration of trained brains. During the war there were large-scale raids on university staffs and many of the keymen who came to Ottawa for war jobs are still here. Even from the narrow viewpoint of personal interest, the Federal Government needs the universities' output.

It's also sympathetic on broader and less selfish grounds. Prime Minister St. Laurent used to be a law professor at Laval; Brooke Claxton and Doug Abbott held similar jobs at McGill; Milton Gregg, Minister of Veterans' Affairs, was president of the University of New Brunswick; Jimmy Gardiner started as a schoolteacher; Paul Martin, who studied at five universities in four countries, used to teach at the University of Western Ontario; C. D. Howe was a professor of engineering at Dalhousie; Mike Pearson, a Rhodes Scholar, taught history at the University of Toronto. It isn't hard to sell to such men the idea that university education ought to be supported.

The only serious obstacle is provincial touchiness. Education is the most jealously guarded of all provincial rights. Ottawa will have to be very careful in devising a system for helping universities which, without abandoning all check on the money's destination, will avoid any affront to provincial authorities. ★



## Why We Are Losing the Cold War

Continued from page 7

measure such things they would find the high policy of the United States (and Canada) in approximately the same condition.

Exhibit B: At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue a Congressional committee stands back and takes its first good long look at the imposing façade and inner weaknesses of the American economy. The glistening, egglike face of Senator Taft, with mouth tightly zippered up against indiscretion—this man who may be the next President and already represents the American past struggling to control its future—stares blankly at the flashlight photographers, at the massed ranks of experts, at a motherly little lady with the disarming name of Dr. Persia Campbell, an economist, who is quietly tearing to pieces the optimistic forecasts of the United States Government.

The nation, in grand assize, is trying to judge whether the Roosevelt economic revolution, like the White House, is a hollow shell. But it is looking for an answer in the wrong place.

Exhibit C: At the same moment, in some secret office, anonymous scientists are designing a bomb which, if ever used, is cheerfully guaranteed to extinguish our civilization and perhaps all human life.

These exhibits are not offered, of course, as evidence, but only as parables to support the conclusion that the cold war, at the present rate, will be ultimately lost—a conclusion confirmed by many wise men who cannot talk out loud.

We are not winning the cold war because our inner structure in America is weak behind the deceptive walls of material power, because we have put economics ahead of ideas, because the hydrogen bomb, called a guarantee of victory, is in fact the terrifying proof of mankind's defeat.

Few people paused in Washington in the first sunshine of spring to observe the workmen trying to shore up the White House, the economists and statesmen trying to shore up the American budget, the scientists coolly preparing to blow up the world. The most potent, the most democratic, the most humane, decent and wackiest capital in all human history was too busy with its own affairs to have such long thoughts.

### Low Tide on the Potomac

It is low tide in Washington this spring. All the electric personalities of the Roosevelt era are gone—the great presence itself, the emaciated enigma of Harry Hopkins, Hugh Johnson and his dead cats, the stoic Hull and Stimson, the grandeur of Marshall, the volcanic Ickes, the corn-breeding yogi, Henry Wallace, the whole incredible army of genius and lunacy, idealism and gutter politics, success and failure which remade American society in the 30's and saved the world in the 40's. All gone, sucked out to sea in the receding flood.

Low tide, and after the waters have sunk the forgotten snags, derelicts, hidden reefs and dark marine creatures of the nation's life lie suddenly exposed.

After another war the United States has not suffered anything like the slump of the 20's, it is robust in health, uncorrupted in government, economically strong but, for all its physical energy, it is spiritually tired.

It is fired of domestic revolution, of

war, of the false hopes of peace. It is even growing tired—or at least sceptical—of mere prosperity, which is perhaps the first sign of its recovery.

Low tide, confusion, mediocrity, a legislature which is the despair of the White House, a White House which too often is the contradictory voice of quarrelers experts, a great people who, for the moment, cannot find an instrument to weld their vital forces and articulate their dream—this is Washington in year one of the hydrogen bomb.

What has gone wrong? Where did the wondrous and unequalled mechanism of the United States get off the rails? Why isn't it winning the cold war?

Superficially the answer is easy in hindsight.

First there was Roosevelt's total miscalculation of Stalin which, though a historical error of first magnitude, was on the side of the angels and was true, in its generosity, to the best American ideals.

Next came the altruism, euphoria and ballyhoo of San Francisco, when, for a moment, it seemed that man's long dream of peace could be materialized and guaranteed on paper in the shape of the United Nations.

Then disillusionment, a hurried attempt to rearm, a massive economic blood transfusion called the Marshall Plan.

The tide of America's energies and ideals seemed still at the wartime flood but through the golden mists of those boom times a careful navigator could see that already the ebb had begun in the United States and Canada alike.

### How Many on Our Side?

The tide in both countries had remained at flood longer after the second war than the first. The yearning for normalcy in all of us was better disguised by slogans, catchwords and official proclamations. But the real tide, the inward motion which decides everything in the end, had begun to fall some years ago. By the first days of 1950 normalcy, under new and respectable names, was the biggest political pressure in Washington, as in Ottawa.

Low tide leaves every idealist for the moment high and dry. The only great man in the American Government, Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State, has seen Stalin win in China, almost without lifting a hand, perhaps the largest single victory in the history of human conquest. After this unprecedented debacle he has not dared, up to this writing, to ask a bitter and dazed Congress for the money which will surely be needed to keep the rest of Asia out of Stalin's grasp. He must await a rising tide.

Meanwhile in western Europe, where American policies had been most successful, the news was not good. The latest upheaval in France may pass but it is now obvious that the Marshall Plan, after its spectacular beginning, will fail of its purpose to make Europe stable by 1952. In the dollar-defeatism of Europe, in its secret distrust of American prosperity and intent, the dollar gap is not being closed and will not be closed, as planned, by increased European exports into America. It will be closed if and when American aid ceases, by still further reduction in Europe's purchases on this side of the Atlantic: Canada already has felt the first but by no means the last blow. The free, multilateral economy of Bretton Woods, Geneva and Havana is not being put together. It is threatening to fall apart. And the American economy is failing by a wide margin to pay the running costs of government.

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a better  
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IT S-P-R-A-Y-S!**

New! Amazing! Heed underarm deodorant really stops perspiration worries. Easier to use than old-fashioned liquids and creams because it's *Quicker*—5 seconds to apply, dries quickly. *Daintier*—your fingers never touch it. *Safer*—doesn't irritate normal skin. *Thrifter*—many months' supply. In cool green squeezable bottle.



MANY MONTHS' SUPPLY

**59¢**

On the military side the mobilization of sufficient force under the North Atlantic Pact to meet the existing strength of Russia is years away at best, yet while Russia piles up still more armaments American defense appropriations are being scaled downward. (In Ottawa we have hardly begun to scale them upward.)

Or reckoning the position in terms of population these facts stand out on the map, stark and mountainous: By the calculation of the reliable United States News, of Washington, 1,820,000,000 human beings could be counted in the anti-Communist world in 1945 and 193,000,000 behind the Iron Curtain. In 1950 there were 725,000,000 people on our side, 795,000,000 on the other side and 740,000,000 who might be called neutral. As the cold war is primarily a contest for the minds of people, these figures show the balance tilting swiftly against us, even if our material is still preponderant.

Considering the loss of China, the delicate balance in the rest of Asia, the developing strains of the world economy, the overwhelming land power and the atomic discoveries of Russia, the statement of Dr. Harold C. Urey, original architect of the hydrogen bomb, that "we may have already lost the armament race"—considering all the evidence before us, no realistic man in Washington could still believe that the United States and its friends were winning the cold war. If you will think a little further you will see why, without a drastic change of pace, our side is bound to lose it.

### The Defeats of an Idea

To say that the cold war will be won in the end by ideas is now a platitude. Platitudes, however, are as true as they are dull. They do not lose their truth by repetition. They only lose their force. Thus everyone has talked so much about the war of ideas that nobody pays much attention to it any more.

Yet it is in the realm of ideas, not in the realm of military power or economics, that we are in peril, for if we were winning the war of ideas the military and economic problems would solve themselves.

Mark, then, how this deeper war is going.

The free world has turned to North America for money and industrial techniques. It is not turning to America for ideas.

The most populous nation in the world has turned straight away, temporarily at least, from America toward Russia.

The people of India, that great question mark of Asia, propose to build their new industry but not their new national life on the American model, as their government has politely but firmly indicated.

The people of Europe are not reshaping their continental economy as the Americans hoped, as Paul Hoffman, the administrator of Marshall Plan aid, demands.

Does anyone seriously believe that Germany and Japan, occupied by American soldiers and bombarded by American propaganda, are eagerly absorbing American democracy, even when it is flavored with American money, American Coke and the sickly sugar of Hollywood?

The people of Britain have confirmed the Labor Party in office and if their vote does not fully approve socialism it certainly does not approve private enterprise which we North Americans have tried to sell abroad.

Since we are considering ideas, it is surely significant that three world-famous thinkers—Pandit Nehru in

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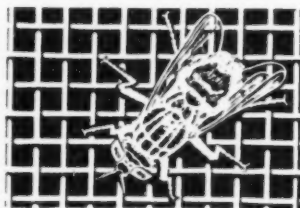
**10. Locate house on lot by survey.** Avoid low ground; good drainage is essential. Excavation must extend below frost line to prevent foundation heaving. Save top soil for future use. Poured concrete footings, which spread house weight, should rest on solid earth. They should be at least 6 ins. thick and project 4 ins. each side of foundation wall.

**11. Foundation walls** may be solid concrete or masonry, 10 in. minimum thickness. Adequate water-proofing and damp-proofing are important. Solid concrete walls may be water-proofed with special compounds. Or they, and masonry walls, can be faced with a waterproof plaster or bituminous coating. To stop seepage of moisture from footings up through foundation wall, use paper-backed electro-sheet copper.



**12. Exterior walls** may be solid masonry, frame with masonry veneer, or all-frame. Much depends on local building codes. Stone, brick or concrete masonry walls should not be less than 8 ins. thick. Frame structures may be built of 2 x 4's on 16 in. centres, or of solid 3 in. planks. For veneer, 6 in. stone or 4 in. brick are the minimum requirements.

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*Anaconda Copper & Brass*

India, Albert Einstein in America, and François Mauriac in France—have placed the United States and Russia in virtually the same low, materialistic and imperialistic category. This verdict is shallow, ignorant and cranky. It is full of ingratitude and calculated to do much mischief. But it indicates a trend of thought among thoughtful men which, however wrongheaded, cannot be ignored.

The North American technique but not the North American idea is conquering the world. The reason can now be glimpsed—North America has given its money and techniques to the world but it has not been able to give itself.

### "Sharing," With Reservations

The thing we can give the world is more valuable and infinitely more potent than money or techniques. The thing we have to give, the thing on which our civilization was built from the beginning, goes by many names and has many manifestations in our lives but essentially it is the supreme importance of the individual human creature in a society which places him above everything else. It is the recognition that we are all our brother's keeper. It is the acknowledgment of the common creaturehood and equal importance of all human kind. It is the acceptance of our daily debt to all other men, known and unknown. It is the belief that we can gain the whole world and lose our soul.

We cannot thrust this concept upon other people. We cannot sell it in bright packages like soap. We cannot hand it out like prizes in a quiz program. We can only live it and then share its fruits with those who find our life worth imitating. It is right here that we have failed. Whatever individuals may have done, as a people in North America, as a system, we haven't shared anything with anybody.

This statement will be passionately denied by every economist in Washington and Ottawa. With mountains of statistics, with blizzards of graphs and diagrams, with all their little paper worlds carried around like dolls in their brief cases, the American experts will prove that the United States has given away more goods than any nation in history, and the Canadian experts will then proceed to prove that Canada, in proportion, has given still more.

They will prove finally, by undeniable figures, that after we have used all the goods we desire for ourselves we have only so many left over to give away. Thereby, quite unwittingly, they will prove the very contention advanced here. They will prove that we have always limited our giving to an amount which would not imperil for a moment our own standard of living. Indeed, if they are candid, they will agree that we have often used foreign gifts as a means of unloading unmanageable surpluses abroad and, by keeping our economy in precarious balance, have maintained our living standard at an all-time peak. This, we imagine, will encourage imitation abroad, whereas (men being only human, especially when they are poor) it only encourages envy, suspicion and resentment.

In short, we have given only to the point of convenience, only to the limit fixed by pure economic calculation. We have not shared.

The fallacy of such gifts was stated long ago by Lowell, an American poet: "The gift without the giver is bare." Emerson added: "The only gift is a portion of thyself." At our own McGill University Rudyard Kipling put it even better. When, he said, you find a man who is not interested in accumulating wealth "he will presently demon-



strate to you that money dominates everybody except the man who does not want money . . . as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you his little finger will be thicker than your loins. You will go in fear of him; he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants; he will not do what you want. You will find that you have no weapon in your armory with which you can attack him; no argument with which you can appeal to him. Whatever you gain, he will gain more."

The little finger of the forces now loose in the world is thicker than the loins of all our material wealth. Hence we go in fear with no final weapon in our armory except H bombs, which we dare not go without and dare not use.

Those forces cannot be bought with money nor compelled by force. Their support can only be acquired by our fitness to receive it. There is no other way.

They will be deserved and acquired only if the desperate and undecided peoples believe in us. They will never believe in us so long as they know that we are sacrificing nothing, giving nothing that upsets our economic calculations, doing nothing that threatens our living standards, sharing nothing that hurts.

Though they may be poor, illiterate and barbarous they will know by sure instinct that we do not believe in the idea that we are preaching, the faith we proclaim. They will know that the coin we offer is counterfeit.

Military power we must have so long as Russia arms against us, much more than we have now, but it will not protect us if the free world, our essential ally, does not trust our ultimate motives.

Therein lies the key to all the teeming confusions of Washington today, confusions not so obvious but deeper far, because they are confusions of the spirit and the conscience, than the outward confusions of the New Deal and of the war combined.

The sovereign question is not foreign policy, not economic policy, not budgets, politics or personalities. It is much simpler than that. It is whether we in North America have surrendered our faith in the divinity of man in a purposeful and ordered universe and quietly accepted the opposite view of our enemies.

### The Tide Will Rise Again

This concerns ideas only but it is no abstract question for Sunday pulpits. It is the most practical of all questions in our daily business and in the cold war.

It is practical because our kind of society has never been controlled and never can be controlled by anything but an idea. If it is ever controlled by mere force it will not be our kind of society any longer. We shall then have lost the cold war by total surrender.

Observing the low tide at Washington, the Russians think they have good reason for confidence. They see only the flotsam and jetsam, the queer creatures on the sand. Let them look deeper into the substance of America. Let them remember the overwhelming energies of this continent five years ago when it knew it was at war. Let them imagine, if they can, how those energies will surge up again if the nature of the present struggle is fully grasped. Let them look back on American history and note how the tide has always fallen only to rise again.

There is and has always been in this people a vast, latent and frustrated pool of good will, of understanding, of willingness to sacrifice, of faith in their own spiritual origins. They are groping

Compton Wyniat, stately mansion in Warwickshire, England.



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★ Below is pictured the Jaguar Super Sports, with twin overhead camshaft engine, which holds the world's record for a production car with the remarkable speed of 132.6 m.p.h.



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Mark V 3½-litre Sedan . . . \$4125.00  
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## Findlay ELECTRIC RANGE

Style to grace any kitchen, sturdy construction that means a lifetime of service, and features that will have the whole family praising your cooking.




It combines every modern feature.



Speedmaster elements raise up for easy cleaning. Economical to operate.



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**BAKING SUCCESS ASSURED BY FINDLAY "STABILIZED" OVEN**



Exclusive heat stabilizer and tight fitting cast iron door frames provide even baking heat at all times—make all baking easy and sure.

Findlay Since 1860 RANGES FINDLAY LIMITED Toronto, Canada

for an answer to questions never foreseen and still only half seen. They will find the answer, if it is found, within themselves.

That ultimate discovery is no more than a hope yet. You can document and map the losses of the cold war. You cannot document the prospects of victory because it must be won primarily by intangibles. You cannot map men's minds. Yet there are a few vague portents of ultimate victory.

For under its shiny-chromium surface the United States for the first time is unsure of itself. Many times these great people have asked themselves what has gone wrong with their economy or their politics. Now they ask themselves what has gone wrong with their inner life.

At first this unsureness is bound to appear to foreigners as weakness, and it is on this appearance that Russia bases its current strategy. The same appearance of weakness fooled King George III and the men who thought that they could smash the Union in Lincoln's time.

In those two crises the weakness of the opening debate turned into the strength of a people united not by force but by agreement. The third crisis produces the same preliminary symptoms. In the motion picture of their history this is where the American people came in.

### The Dervish Dance of Politics

The third crisis, though it appears new, is really the same crisis, met and mastered twice before. In the first test the American people "brought forth a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." In the second they thought they had saved that conception and that proposition for all time. They were wrong. In the third crisis, which now rushes toward the point of no return, the American people begin to perceive, dimly as yet, that everything America has achieved, everything it has owned and been must be forfeited if it fails to project not its physical power (a relatively simple business) but the power of its original idea to other peoples, whose support it needs for survival. Still more dimly they begin to perceive that the idea cannot be extended by compulsion.

David E. Lillenthal, the distinguished former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, put it this way: "Our security rests not on material things at all but on the spirit of the people. We are a people with a faith in reason, and when we lose that faith and substitute for it faith in weapons we become weak and are lost, even with our superatomic weapons."

Don't be deceived by the gaudy exterior of Washington, the dervish dance of politics, the synthetic smile of the President. This, the third installment of the recurring crisis, is the supreme crisis of American history. Since only America at the moment can lead and safeguard other free peoples, it is the largest crisis so far in the history of human freedom.

Dean Acheson and the men around him know that, willy-nilly, the free world is in America's keeping, that all America's labors, perhaps all the labors of men through 5,000 years, will be blown into atomic dust or weakly surrendered if that crisis is not met.

Acheson and his larger objectives are momentarily beached by the low tide. This is only a hope, which neither Acheson nor anyone else can support with concrete evidence, but after the events of this spring we may be able to look back and see that the tide, even now, had begun to change quietly in the night. ★

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## Findlay GAS RANGE

Style to grace any kitchen, sturdy construction that means a lifetime of service, and features that will have the whole family praising your cooking.




Leads in design convenience.. construction



Equipped with Onica thrift burners and simmer-set gas cocks. Can be set at full-flame for intense heat, or at simmer-flame for low heat. Each range has three standard and one giant burner.



Broiler drawer rolls out on roller bearings. Drop-door permits easy removal of pan. Rounded oven corners...removable linings for easy cleaning.

Findlay Since 1860 RANGES FINDLAY LIMITED Toronto, Canada

## Busiest Woman in The World

Continued from page 9

present Tamblin crew. These casual remarks, though not written in the lines, are generally rehearsed. They are one of the points on which sponsors offer mild objection.

Sometimes, when performing before an audience, Mrs. A. is stimulated by applause, laughter or other contact and forgets her script entirely. Then the commercial gets the axe and even the astonishing Kate can't get away with that.

Some people in radio whisper that when it comes to the air waves Mrs. A. is all business and no charity with no guest appearances.

Fourteen months ago when she flew the globe in 18 exhausting days help was needed to stage the broadcasts she would miss. Certain staff members at CFRB were assigned, without added pay, to do the Aitken show. Others, in the free-lance field, were requested to help out.

The late Jim Hunter, who had the biggest news audience in Ontario, was the first approached. "For how much dough do I do this show?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Jim; it's a case of helping a friend."

"Sure," Hunter grunted, "a friend who gets a thousand a week and wouldn't know me if I stepped up and kissed her. But for her I work for free! Not this cookie until I see the day when Aitken works on the cuff."

Others eagerly seized a chance to share part of the Aitken audience which is estimated at about 32% of all Canadians listening to their radios when she's on.

Last Christmas when CFRB did a week-long "Friendship Parade" for Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children requests crowded the studio for national names to do things outside their usual scope. In so doing they'd earn varying amounts for the hospital.

The first night 100 listeners urged that Kate Aitken sing. By the second night the idea had crystallized that Mrs. A. should sing "Mule Train." So she gave up her one evening of the week in her own home, sang the number, raised more than \$1,000.

When fund-raising campaigns like Red Feather, Red Cross or Boy Scouts seek money they usually pay radio celebrities quarter to half scale to make appeals. Some refuse cash but take a donation receipt and thus save on their income tax. Mrs. A. takes neither.

### What to Do for Figures

One of the things that annoys her is whispered misinformation about the husband she married when she was very young. You hear such cracks as "Wonder how it feels to be Mr. Kate Aitken?" or "Is there a Mr. Kate Aitken?"

"I've heard that talk and some of it hurts," she told me, and for once the smile beneath the careful coiffure was missing. "It grieves me when people say that Henry and myself are separated, divorced or unhappily married. We've been so happily married for so many years that I think we are one of Canada's most devoted families."

"It's a ritual in our house that always, on Sundays, we'll be a family in touch with one another. Just now Dad is in North Bay so we call him by telephone. Then we call Anne who is in Blenheim and we all speak one to the other. Not all families can be together as much as they'd wish and not all people have similar temperaments."



It's sad that tongues wag. Other things, true things, are so much more important."

Mr. A., a shy and handsome man, is an accountant who usually works on traveling audits. He dislikes the glitter of social life but fits into it unobtrusively when need be, then takes off for more quiet fields.

The letters that flood to Kate Aitken from all parts of Canada (18% of them from men) at the rate of 260,000 a year are all answered in less than a week from their arrival. They filter down to her through her screen of secretaries, and she answers about half personally. She will dictate a sentence or two, the balance is filled out by one of the girls. To stave off punch drunkenness a secretary seldom accepts dictation of more than 100 letters at a time. Then Mrs. A. carries on with another girl and another 100. She has never used a rubber stamp for signature.

The letters fall into seven main groupings: diet, family budgets, travel, menus, baby care, personal and miscellaneous. The last assortment covers everything feminine from fashion to frustration, love to labor, money to men.

A third of the writers want to do something about their figures. Skinny ones want to grow more plump and the plump ones have an urge to grow slim. Mrs. A. offers a 10-day diet for fatsos, a word of encouragement for those who get no good from it, and specialized calorie plans for the beanpoles.

Budget letters are generalized or complaining. Usually the writer is having an unhappy time trying to make ends meet. Add to the mixture the nagging husband who insists that other women keep a decent house on less money and you've got the tearful appeal to urbane and optimistic Mrs. A. She takes it all in stride.

The "I'm-going-on-a-trip" letter comes next with queries on what to wear, what to take, how much to tip, and what about those seagoing wolves? Most of these are answered by a form. So are most of the menu enquiries although specialized puzzles about sick persons get individual attention.

Baby letters are mostly from first-time mamas and poke into the subject on every angle from physiology to psychology to diaper designs. Occasionally an unwed mother-to-be seeks advice too. Her letter is either tearful or defiant but seldom a mixture.

Among the miscellaneous come requests like these: "Please, could you get me a little bedside radio. My doctor tells me I have but a few weeks to live because I have cancer of the throat. I've asked the matron here and she's asked the other patients and these have no objection to my playing a little radio." (Mrs. A.'s radio appeal brought 27 new radios.)

"I'm going to have another baby—my sixth—and we just can't possibly afford it. My husband earns \$44 a

week and we used to think if we ever got that much actual cash we'd be on easy street. But now we get it together with the baby bonus but with rent and food and clothes and doctor's bills . . . well we just can't manage. Would you know of anyone who might like to adopt a little unborn baby . . ." (Mrs. A. did and much red tape was shorn away.)

"I have a teen-aged daughter who is a bad girl. Really bad. She goes out with boys. Different boys and she . . . well you know . . . sleeps with them. I don't know what to do. When I complain or cry or threaten she just talks back to me. Sasses me. Please, what can I do? You're so understanding, I know you'll have the answer." (Mrs. A. suggested a frank family forum.)

#### Manitoba Took the Cakes

Most of the letters from men come under the miscellaneous heading with a fair number concerning personal love affairs or lack of them. Mrs. A. answers them seriously and does what she can in approved Dorothy Dix manner. Men also ask about health, food, styles, and money. Others make business propositions, of which many are preposterous.

Many letters about husband Henry Aitken are engagingly frank, and some challenging. Early this year, for example, Mrs. A. offered a series of prizes for the best letter giving the five points for a happy marriage. Within a few weeks she had thousands of letters. There were also a few to declare, "What would you know about a happy marriage?" These letters imply that Mrs. A. is divorced, separated or constantly absent from her husband and that she has scant regard for him.

Ontario sent almost as many answers as the other nine provinces combined and this persuaded Mrs. A. that her home province had the happiest wives.

Last Christmas she offered personally baked fruit cakes to the mother of Canada's biggest families, a pound for every child plus a pound for each parent. The first three prizes all went to Manitoba where a 24-pounder was won by the mother of 22 kids. Best that large-family Quebec could claim was 20 pounds.

Having crisscrossed Canada with the regularity of a postman on his walk Mrs. A. gives regional descriptions of the feminine population this way.

MARITIMES: "Just like their tradition. They're sound, conservative, generous, good cooks. If you have a good cause in the Maritimes you have to push it less than anywhere else in Canada. They dress quietly. Last month I spoke to 1,500 women in Saint John and at least 1,200 were dressed in navy or black."

QUEBEC: "They're gay, bright, animated. They react quickly to even

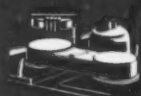
## The Sign of Battery Economy

There are dealers everywhere who have sold Willard Batteries for 10-15-25 years and longer. They handle this famous line because they know Willard offers outstanding battery economy to car owners. And Willard economy just doesn't happen . . . it's there on purpose. It's the result of Willard quality . . . quality that comes from forward-looking engineering, 48 years of manufacturing know-how and fine materials. Willard quality insures an abundance of power for those *Quick Starts* that permit you to get in and go . . . *Long Life* for thousands of low-cost miles. Next time you need a battery . . . buy a Willard . . . the battery that's quality-built to provide outstanding economy.

WILLARD BATTERIES



THIS IS CANADA'S ONLY WILLARD HAS IT



Willard's construction is exclusive Willard feature. It gives outstanding protection against freezing and boiling. It guards against acid leakage. It has extra plates and other advanced features. Willard's quality built to give you the extra 50% economy in battery life.



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Willard

FOR QUICK STARTS - LONG LIFE

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO

NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE APRIL 26

## Why Is No One Polite Any More?

Have you noticed it, too? Many of the little gestures of courtesy have disappeared from our daily lives, and R. T. Allen thinks the world is a poorer place because of it. He wonders, in this stimulating and provoking article, if the lack of manners doesn't go deeper than the externals — right down to our respect and consideration for our fellow man.

By the Author of "Are You a Heel At The Wheel?"

**MENTHOLATED for COOLNESS**

**Smoke CAMEO MENTHOL**  
...for a welcome change

**COOL SOOTHING SATISFYING**

Next issue:

## "PROTECTION PAYS DIVIDENDS"

A full page feature that shows you how to pre-condition your car this spring for safe summer driving. By Roly Pepper, Editor of "Canadian Automotive Trade."

See **MAY 1 MACLEAN'S**, on sale April 26.

**Look Now! Buy Now!**

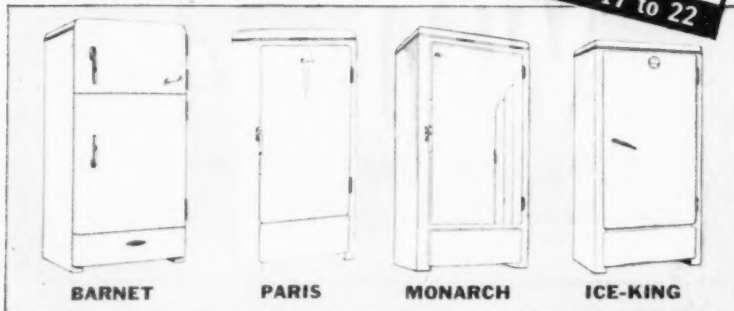


## The New ICE-CONDITIONED REFRIGERATORS are here!

You cannot match the modern Ice-Conditioned Refrigerator for food keeping ability. It provides *natural moisture* to prevent drying out and loss of vital juices—it provides pure, circulating air to prevent exchange of food flavours. Costs  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  as much as other types—gives years of trouble-free service—each icing lasts 5 to 7 days.

- ★ "Moist-Cold" keeps food full-flavored
- ★ Always plenty of ice for parties
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**NATIONAL  
ICE  
REFRIGERATOR  
WEEK**  
April 17 to 22

half a joke. They're shrewder about money than any other women in Canada. You can flood the Quebec mails by offering something free in French or English."

ONTARIO: "These are the smart-thinking women. They read more, more of everything. They join little play societies and book clubs. You've got to read if you want to travel Ontario."

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN: "These two, in my mind, are grouped and we get the most soul-searching mail from there. They ask about programs, educational schemes and plans toward uplift. The rural women of Saskatchewan seem lonely. From those areas we get our heaviest mail from men."

ALBERTA: "Much like women of Ontario. They're readers with progressive ideas. You can start just about anything in Alberta, even a symphony orchestra in a farm community. Smart dressers too."

BRITISH COLUMBIA: "They have a gay, light approach, like in Quebec, but the women are not nearly so saving. They like to live for today and they live well, too. They enjoy themselves and seem lighthearted. I think their tradition of good living comes from their English background but, whatever it is, I like it."

### Lipstick Derby for the CNE

Kate Aitken's tycoon-sized secretariat is divided this way: At Ogilvie in Montreal, 4; at the Standard, 4; at the Exhibition, 4; at the Toronto office of Tamblin, 9.

The Tamblin office is half a mile from the Toronto studios of Dominion and Trans-Canada networks and Mrs. A. allows for the trip the time it takes to smoke one Export and park her '48 Pontiac coupe. She usually makes it with seconds to spare.

The night before the morning I spent in the crowded quarters of the Toronto secretariat she had flown to Port Alberni, B.C., from where she was to broadcast about noon. The following day she was to hit the air from Saskatoon and a day later to be back in Toronto. No word had come from her and being a bit of a traveler myself, I wondered if she'd made it.

The girls were serene. "Good Heavens," said one. "Mrs. A. always gets there. Not on time maybe, but she always gets there."

"Some say she's nervous and jumpy as a hen on a hot roof," I said. "Some say she'll blow up through failure to relax."

"It's bunk," they chorused. "She knows how to relax, just like a dog knows. She has unruffled confidence in herself and those around her. She never gets herself down through self-doubts, indecision or suspense."

After June 30 each year Mrs. A. devotes all nonradio time to the Canadian National Exhibition where she's been director of women's activities since 1938.

The Exhibition secretariat is commanded by Genevieve Taggart who reports that no week goes by without an Aitken visit to the grounds. Mrs. A. has about \$10,000 in prize money to give away and while this is no great shakes as money goes she puts plenty of imagination into dropping the cash in the spot where it will cause the most talk or biggest headlines.

While many features of the CNE are repeated year after year Mrs. A. revises or scraps 80% of her section. Thrown out for 1950 are competitions for painting chairs, cooking eggs, creating salads, choosing cover girls, mending socks and designing bouquets. New will be efforts to see which woman

can make up her face fastest, cook and serve the most luscious hamburger, bake the best wedding cake.

CNE directors occasionally lift eyebrows at some of the stunts Mrs. A. tries to draw males and this year is no exception. But those who cross swords with her eventually withdraw in confusion. That's why the women's building will next fall see a close-shave competition in which men will scrape away their whiskers amid the irreverent comments of wives, sweethearts or mill-run babes.

### An Argument With Italy

In one argument Mrs. A. has failed so far but she's just begun to fight. The building she now directs is 60 years old with narrow corridors, fire-tempting corners and occasional rats. She is determined to have a new one. The CNE now has three buildings in the blueprint stage and the second of these is a women's building. No one acquainted with Mrs. A. has serious doubt that this will be up in time for Kate to take charge.

During the two weeks of exhibition Mrs. A., like Joe-Joe the dog-faced boy, sleeps on the grounds. Her apartment in her own building is not much bigger than a dog kennel, but it's home.

Fifty-odd years ago the tireless Mrs. Henry Aitken was born in the Ontario village of Beeton which, in 1950, has 594 citizens. Christened Katherine Scott she was fifth in a family of seven. Her father was a merchant.

At 16 she had a certificate of sorts authorizing her to teach school, but not in her native Ontario. With that paper and a few dollars she lit out for the Saskatchewan wheatlands, after becoming engaged to the shy Henry. But in the West she grew homesick and made an early return from the wheat belt to marry Henry.

Kate was late for the ceremony because four of her brothers were ushers while a fifth gave her away and all the Scotts insisted on a bath before the wedding.

The Aitkens went briefly to the iron country of Minnesota then back to Beeton, where she and Henry started farming in a small way and where daughters Mary and Anne were born.

Kate's personal enterprises started with the raising of registered poultry and the canning of garden products.

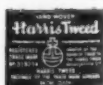
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Her capacity for organization soon showed itself in a canning project which engaged 13 neighbors and led to demonstrations for the Ontario Department of Agriculture. The chore for Ontario soon led to similar work for the federal department. From then on Mrs. A. never looked back.

In 1927 she was sent to England with an exhibit of Canadian handicrafts. While there an international wheat conference was called and the Canadian delegate fell ill. Mrs. A., who knew something of the new Garnet wheat, was asked to take his place and drew the chair next to the Italian minister of agriculture. Talks on the bread-making qualities of various wheats found this pair in opposing camps and Mrs. A., with quiet persistence, undertook to convert the Italian to large purchases of Canadian grain.

The minister agreed but Rome vetoed his ideas so, with that functionary in tow, Kate flew to a date with Mussolini.

Il Duce agreed that Canada's grain was first class but thundered, "Signora, this land of mine must be self-feeding in the next war."

"Next war!" exploded Kate. "We haven't got over the last one yet and you speak of another."

"Speak of it and call the date and the need," said Mussolini. "The war will come within 10 years and Italy must be able to feed herself."

Before she left Mrs. A. had a fat pre-paid order for Canadian wheat.

Some critics have suggested that Mrs. A.'s recent around-the-world tour was a little too fast for a good reporter. At one point she told her radio audience that she'd left Shanghai's Cathay Hotel just ahead of the invading Red Army and dashed to the airport by rickshaw. This reporter was in Shanghai seven weeks later and the Reds still hadn't arrived. And it would take the fleetest rickshaw coolie a good day's trot to get from the Cathay Hotel to the airport.

#### Royal Blue for Brockville

Back in Canada Mrs. A. began giving cooking demonstrations for Ogilvie Flour Mills. Out of this came the first of 39 cookbooks, the most recent of which sold 70,000 at \$1.50.

Her first broadcast was made 17 years ago from Fredericton, N.B., as guest for a forgotten performer. Since then she's never been without a

sponsored show, or several shows.

Her gross income is often in four figures a week but she has no agent or manager. Her haphazard records and methods are the despair of the income tax people.

She buys two suits and about 15 evening dresses a year, has a dozen to 20 pairs of good shoes and 30 hats, but only one fur coat, plus a shortie. None of her clothing is ever worn out. It's given away to the secretaries, farm friends or even to casual acquaintances. She buys about 18 new hats a year by wire order to Karen Ross of Toronto who whips up a new one whenever Mrs. A. flashes a telegram like, "Need royal blue for Brockville cocktail party rose frock."

One of the few catty remarks directed toward Kate Aitken says she carries on a relentless feud with any other feminine broadcaster who dares raise her curls above the ruck. Claire Wallace, who was doing a similar show for a rival flour mill until dropped by a broken hip in Australia, is most often named as on the receiving end of Aitken barbs. It's bunk. During her year in hospital Claire cut herself off from visits and gifts, but Mrs. A. was one of the few to see her and write her regularly.

More truthful is the yarn that non-stop Kate has influence in the highest places. So far as Ottawa is concerned this is fact; Mrs. A. has the receptive ear of the right people. Since 1945 she's several times stopped with the Clement Attlees at 10 Downing Street and it was Mrs. A. who wangled a loan of Queen Elizabeth's famous dress of the Trans-Canada tour for display at the CNE.

Not only has Mrs. A. had tea with the Queen on several occasions but she once made an active demand on Buckingham Palace and had it met.

At the time of Princess Elizabeth's engagement a winsome lass from Winnipeg sent the Princess a pair of nylons. Normally gifts from private people are returned, but these stockings were kept and the girl invited to tea and a private viewing of the wedding presents. Trans-Canada Air Lines arranged passage and, since the youngster was alone, the management asked Mrs. A., who was also en route to the royal shenanigans, to keep an eye out for her.

Alas, the plane was hours late, the tea was over, and the presents put away. Little Miss Winnipeg was in tears. So Mrs. A. stepped in to arrange a private last-minute visit to the palace. Little Miss Winnipeg not only saw the presents, she also saw the wedding.

Although nonstop Aitken appears to be in the pink of health some who should know say otherwise. Mrs. A. shrugs it away with the remark, "We in this line of work are expected to be healthy."

But accidents do happen and it was an accident that put her in the hospital cot where we found her at the beginning of this piece.

Unbearable pains were the symptom. X-ray, in London, England, showed a foreign body in her digestive tract and this, after excavation, turned out to be a chunk of glass. The glass had gouged a groove through delicate membranes and that groove was stubborn about healing. It was the second operation, to repair the groove, that was done at Toronto Western.

During 10 days there, and four more at home, Kate Aitken was silent but she managed to talk her way through a staggering load of mail which started with queries about menus and babies then grew into an avalanche of anxiety as fans heard that their heroine was *hors de combat*. After the 14th day she began broadcasting again—from bed. ★

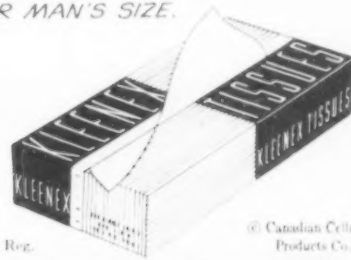
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# Cross Country

## THE MARITIMES

IN THE late summer of 1650 Daniel LeBlanc and his sturdy wife, Frances, arrived in Acadia from France and started to carve a farm out of the wilderness on the Bay of Fundy coast. They became the ancestors of all the LeBlancs in North America and of many people who now go by the name of White.

Moncton is the stronghold of the LeBlancs—they outnumber the Smiths, Browns and Jones combined—and this year it will be the scene of a great family reunion to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the landing of Daniel and Frances.

Rev. Patrice LeBlanc has formed a committee of LeBlancs to organize the fête. From city directories and telephone books they have compiled a census of LeBlancs. The results are staggering. As near as the committee can estimate Daniel and Frances have 100,000 descendants scattered over 10 provinces and 48 states.

Undaunted, the LeBlanc committee is sending out bushels of invitations. Early returns show that about 10% of them are being accepted. Moncton will be flooded with LeBlancs in September.

When every hotel, spare room and day bed in Moncton are filled, Father LeBlanc expects to get the overflow into Army tents. He hopes so, for he's sure this will be the biggest family reunion in history.

The CNR, which has 286 miles of track in Prince Edward Island, has proposed to the Provincial Government that it take almost all its passenger business and all its mail and less than carload-lot freight business off the rails and put it on the highways. The railway wants permission to enter the bus and truck business on a large scale. Its local passenger trains would become a thing of the past.

P.E.I. would dearly love to see better transportation service—the islanders believe that all the cast-off equipment of other divisions is sent to their province to serve out its days.

But the government fears the CNR plan means a bus and truck monopoly over which it has no control. It has told the CN that it is neither rejecting nor accepting the proposal until it finds out who would have jurisdiction over the new service—the Federal Board of Transport Commissioners or the island's Public Utilities Commission.

Metals, paints and even rugged masonry take a beating in the corrosive "marine industrial" atmosphere of Maritime port cities like Saint John, Halifax and Sydney. The problem is so important that the Nova Scotia Research Foundation has launched a program to tackle it.

Salt from the sea air, sulphur from smokestacks and fierce driving winds combine to eat away automobile finishes and decay the mortar in brick and other buildings. This happens in port cities the world over but in the Maritimes there's another condition which aggravates it—cycles of freezing

and thawing, said to average 80 a year in Halifax.

The Researchers are trying to find the mortar formula which resists corrosion best (some old buildings seem to stand the gaff better than more recent ones). They're also making exposure tests with new metallic alloys. Meanwhile, they say, if you want your car to last, keep it painted, waxed and undercoated.

## QUEBEC

Professor Robert Tyler Davis, head of the fine arts department of McGill University, tossed a heavy brick in the direction of some Canadian painters.

"There is more art in the painting of some Quebec barns than in certain Canadian landscapes," he said.

Warming up to his subject he went on: "Many people make paintings, but to cover a canvas with oil paint has little to do with art. . . . One has only



Sir John A. How much statue could Regina get for \$327? (see Prairies)

to observe the superbly painted Quebec barns, with their delicate yet dense white walls and skilfully contrasted red-brown doors to realize that house painting can be an art. There is far more art in these than in many of the insipidly sentimental and timidly imitative still life and landscape paintings that are often exhibited—even, alas, in our own art museum."

One of the largest blanks in the map of the world, the interior of Baffin Island, north of Hudson Strait, will be attacked this summer by an international team of scientists from Canada, the United States, Britain, Finland and Norway. With them will be a squad of mountaineers from Switzerland and four McGill students. The expedition will be headed by Col. Pat Baird, who commanded Exercise Muskox in the Northwest Territories in 1946.

Baffin is one of the world's great islands; it's twice the area of the United Kingdom. The scientists plan to spend from May to September exploring it. At least one woman will be along, Mrs. Pierre Dansereau, wife of the chief botanist, who will serve as artist for the expedition.

One object of the scientists is to study the ice caps and glaciers as a clue to the trend of the world's climate.

## ONTARIO

Ontario Hydro is changing its old-fashioned flickering 25-cycle system over to the 60 cycles used in most of North America. This involves checking each household for equipment which has to be converted to the new frequency—a tedious, finicky job.

After five months Hydro completed its first community, Scarborough, a suburb of Toronto, which has almost 11,000 consumers. It collected some interesting data on the electrical habits of the Canadian family.

In Scarborough about 81% of the homes have electrical washing machines, 42% radio phonographs, 57% electric clocks, 39% electric refrigerators, 28% heaters. Number of appliances affected by the change-over was 42,239. Radios without record players are not counted—they do not have to be converted. Neither do vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, electric stoves or toasters.

In winter time the 3,500 residents of Toronto Island, a group of three connected islands which stretch across the mouth of the harbor, are served by Dr. Ernest Victor Frederick, who travels from patient to patient by bantam car. But come summer, when cottagers swell the population to 10,000, Frederick has had to put his car away, attend his enlarged practice on foot or by bicycle. Reason: The island is a city park and automobiles are forbidden.

The only motor-driven vehicles on the island in the summer are the early-bird milk and garbage trucks and fire department jeeps.

The result is a large community within sight of downtown Toronto almost entirely cut off from speedy medical care. (It takes 25 minutes to cross the bay by ferry, somewhat less by speedboat.)

Last summer the City Parks Board turned down Frederick's plea to operate his car the year around. This year he asked again, backed up by island mothers. This time, he said, no car, no practice. He was over 60 and tired of trying to cover his four-mile beat by leg power.

The board reversed its ruling and passed the matter on to City Council. It looked as if Toronto Island might enter the 20th century yet.

## THE PRAIRIES

Anybody want to erect a statue to Sir John A. Macdonald?

Back in 1891, when the great John A. died, the citizens of the little prairie town of Regina passed the hat to rear a monument to Canada's first prime minister, raised \$89. When the scheme was forgotten, the money lay in the bank collecting interest.

In 1916 the city took over the fund, kept it intact. What with bank interest and the proceeds of the purchase of war savings certificates the grand total has now reached \$327.

But still no statue.

Square dancing, the robust diversion of the pioneer days, is a



ing a tremendous comeback in the West. At first there was a shortage of callers, but that has been overcome. Now many thousands both in city and country are enjoying evenings that generally consist of three hours of dancing and a basket lunch.

Calgary, with 22 square dance clubs, has been especially active. It has formed a Canadian Square Dance Association, which wants to establish national competitions. The association has standardized 60 of the best figures and laid down rules for competition. Calgary expects to have 120 square dance sets in a competition at the Stampede this summer.

\* \* \*

Swift Current, Sask., was once the centre of the best horse country in the West. Today it's the home of a horse-meat cannery.

Last winter the social committee at the cannery decided to hold a sleighing party. It had to be called off: no horses. The only nags available were those in the cannery corral, but none was shod.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

The pride of White Rock, a coastal resort town south of Vancouver, was its white rock, an immense granite boulder on the beach. The Board of Trade had even touched it up with white paint, had the words "Welcome to White Rock" daubed on it in black to attract tourists.

The board's paint job met some objection—some people even muttered about Indian curses.

And then White Rock woke one morning recently to find its white rock gone. During the night pranksters had gone to great trouble to paint it with shiny, tarry, sticky black paint. They'd even tied a brush on the end of a long pole to reach the inaccessible parts of the rock.

Turpentine and elbow grease couldn't get the stuff off. A search was made for the offenders but nobody knew what they could be charged with if they were found—the rock was nobody's property.

One thing was certain—White Rock was never going to change its name to Black Rock. ★

## CANADIAN ECDOTE



### The Gay Guillotining at St. Pierre

THE LAST guillotining in North America occurred in 1903 at the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off the south coast of Newfoundland. A fellow by the name of Pomeroy had murdered his wife and was condemned to death. The local authorities asked that such a rare event as a local murder should be climaxed by a local execution and the Colonial Office in Paris reluctantly agreed. Usually prisoners went to France for execution but since St. Pierre had very little in the way of relief from the monotony of fishing (and a little smuggling on the side) it seemed only fair that justice be done locally.

There was an old guillotine in the courthouse, unused for many years, and it took quite a while to get the "Red Lady" in working order. The blade required considerable honing and polishing before it was approved by the newly appointed executioner—the local butcher. Finally he tested the guillotine on a heifer and reported that it worked "just like a hot knife through butter."

The day of the execution arrived and everyone who could walk, hobble or crawl was there.

The guillotine was set up in the crowded market place and the wine and candy vendors did a thriving trade. In fact the whole thing suggested a *jour de fête*.

The condemned man was brought out and the crowd became silent. All that was heard was the sonorous voice of the priest as he intoned a plea of mercy for the soul of the criminal. A secret signal was given and the executioner released the blade. Shining bright, it sped down the tracks, down, down—and jammed, part way through Pomeroy's neck.

Even men fainted at the ghastly sight. The shrieks and screams of the witnesses were a wild chorus. The executioner stared stupidly at the unbelievable sight. But not for long did he remain idle. What he did was truly a combination of brutality and mercy. He pulled out an enormous clasp knife and finished what the guillotine had begun.

Needless to say it was the last guillotining on St. Pierre and Miquelon.—Howard Earle.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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## MAILBAG

### Bilingualism Blasted; Hamlet Misidentified

Please keep the CBC out of the language question (Editorials, March 1). Canada is not bilingual and never will be. Let Quebec keep their French, no one else wants it and it should be eliminated at Ottawa and save millions of expenses.—(Miss) C. A. Hughes, Vancouver.

● Notice in one of your editorials in the March 1 issue that you state, "By law and by tradition Canada is a bilingual country." The tradition part may be granted although it is not very creditable, but would you please be definite and clear about "the law" part of your statement. My understanding of Canada's constitution doesn't read that way.—J. D. Woollatt, Essex, Ont.

Section 133 of the B.N.A. Act states that either English or French may be used in the debates of the Parliament of Canada and the Quebec Legislature, also in any court established under the act and in all Quebec courts. Records, acts and proceedings of the Parliament of Canada and the Legislature of Quebec must appear in both languages.—The Editors.

#### Hamlet in Technicolor

Very sincere congrats. to you and Rex Woods for your Mar. 1 cover . . . The future Lawrence Olivier does not seem so sorry for his dad as Hamlet was, for he is decked out in Technicolor, whereas in the first act he speaks of



"My inky cloak and customary suit of solemn black." However it makes a jolly good cover, and we are sure good old Will Shakespeare would be the first to say so.—Robert W. Goodrich, Weyburn, Sask.

The worried actor was gaily dressed to play Laertes, not Hamlet, Artist Woods explains.—The Editors.

#### Wants One School System

"Battles and Blunders in the Schools" (Feb. 15) presented many interesting facts concerning our school texts . . . Could we not have a common history textbook for use throughout Canada, compiled by a group of educationists, and acceptable to all the provinces?

Canada is welcoming new citizens from other lands in goodly numbers

and we invoke for them a sense of loyalty and pride in this land of their adoption. Yet how can our children and theirs achieve that warmth of sentiment as long as we have 10 different educational systems? . . . One system under federal direction would bind us together in a desirable way.—Kay MacDonald, London, Ont.

#### The Aftermath of E. P. Taylor

May I protest both in the name of the church and the board of it which I represent, as well as a private citizen, against the publication in your columns of the eulogy of E. P. Taylor.

In the opinion of many of your readers, who support many of the causes against which so much of this article militates, the life of this Canadian citizen may not be an ideal to hold up as an example before our people. It is possible that the financial wizardry which has enabled him to build up large corporations and networks of companies is a cause for admiration among a few select souls for whom money is an ideal goal, and that his modesty which enables him to stand proudly behind the products which his companies purvey and allow himself to be photographed for the Press is the kind of modesty which your author admires, but we can assure you that in many quite intelligent Canadian circles it is neither admired nor looked upon as the type which children and young people might profitably emulate.—Rev. William G. Berry, Regina, Associate Secretary, Board of Evangelism and Social Service of the United Church of Canada.

● Is it true what Pierre Berton says about E. P. Taylor in your Feb. 15 issue, page 48: "Taylor's whole thinking looks forward—to free trade, state medicine, unrestricted, etc., etc."?

NO, NO, NO—it can't be that the free-enterprising genius of Canadian business wants state medicine!—F. E. Thomas, Toronto.

#### Fainting Praise

Congratulations on Richmond P. Hobson's "The Night Wild Horses Raced With Death" (Feb. 1). The best of its kind I have read! Read it to some high-school classes and how the suspense shook their minds. In one class two students fainted about the time Vinney's leg was being dressed by the nurse. Give us more by the same writer.—A. Beith Gardiner, principal, High School, Meaford, Ont.

#### Trouble in Eden

God bless Bruce Hutchison! And may the native Victorians thoroughly read his article ("Tweeds in Eden, Feb. 15).

Of course it's only my humble opinion—but I don't agree with Hutchison that Victorians are not unfriendly but just minding their own business. They aren't too shy to get to know you—they're obsessed with some

Maclean's Magazine, April 15, 1950

quaint idea that their artificial accent and baggy flannel trousers make them slightly superior. According to them there are just two kinds of people—those who come from Victoria and those who wish they did . . .

After living in Victoria for seven years my circle of friends included people from Nanaimo, Vancouver, Calgary and Ottawa.

Victoria is as phony as a three-dollar bill!—B. L. Durdin, London, Ont.

● Bruce Hutchison says of Victoria: "In a city filled with retired pensioners, minor rentiers and civil servants, the CCF never elected a candidate." Would he inform me what constituency the Rev. Robert Connell represented and what party he belonged to?—Robert E. Perry, Nanossee, B.C.

Mr. Connell, CCF, was one of Victoria's four members in the B.C. Legislature from 1933 to 1937.—The Editors.

#### Signal Dispute

Re your editorial, "First Aid for Frozen Fingers" (Feb. 15). Any garageman will tell you that our system of signals on automobiles is superior by far to the British method. Their signals don't work half the time and in a sleet storm would not work at



all. However, ours are more expensive to incorporate into an automobile due to installations of circuits to both front and rear of car. Hence the possible lack of signals on our lower-priced models as yet.—Louis Marziali, St. Marys, Ont.

#### Ottawa Has a Theatre, Too

"Starlets in TV Stakes" (March 1)—we thought you might like to inform McKenzie Porter that his information on Canadian professional theatre is somewhat lacking. He states that the New Play Society, with the Les Compagnons group, is the "nearest approximation" to the classic repertory theatres of Great Britain and the U.S.

The Canadian Repertory Theatre, here in Ottawa, is a completely full-time professional repertory theatre, operating with no amateur assistance whatsoever, and presenting successfully stage plays each week to an established and rapidly growing audience.—Bruce Raymond, Business Manager, Canadian Repertory Theatre, Ottawa.

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## WIT AND WISDOM

**Playful Professors** — We wish scientists would stop trying to find out how the universe is constructed. When they learned how the atom is constructed, they hauled off and busted it.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

**Secret Passion** — People may like you just as well if you aren't rich, but they aren't so eager to tell other people they know you.—*Trail Times.*

**About Time** — That chap who predicts that civilization will last for 50,000 years doesn't say when it will begin.—*Toronto Star.*

**Over the Same old Ground** — Worry is like a rocking chair, it will give you something to do, but won't get you anywhere.—*Niagara Falls Review.*

**With Proprietary Interest?** — It's easy to identify the owner of a car. He's the one who, after you pull the door shut, always opens it again and slams it harder.—*Calgary Herald.*

**All on the Surface** — In the old days many persons believed hell was at the centre of the earth. Nowadays a lot of people believe it is 4,000 miles from that point—in all directions.—*Kingston Whig-Standard.*

**Bad for Business** — Beggar: Please, ma'am, could you spare me an old coat?

Woman: But, my good man, the one you're wearing is nearly new.

Beggar: I know, ma'am, but it's this coat that's ruining my profession.—*Galt Reporter.*

**Logical Question** — The clergyman was preparing his sermon and his little daughter was watching him.

"Daddy," she asked, "does God tell you what to say?"

"Of course, child," the father answered, "Why do you ask?"

"Oh," said the little girl, "then why do you scratch some of it out?" —*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.*

**Think of the Garage Man** —

First Mechanic: Which do you prefer, leather or fabric upholstery?

Second Mechanic: I like fabrics; leather is too hard to wipe your hands on.—*Lac Ste. Anne, Alta., Chronicle.*

**Queering the Penny Pitch** —

Mother: Did you put your dime in the Sunday school collection?

Junior: No, I lost it.

Mother: But this is the third Sunday in succession that you've lost it.

Junior: I know it, but the other boy's luck can't last forever.—*Kingston Whig-Standard.*

## JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S



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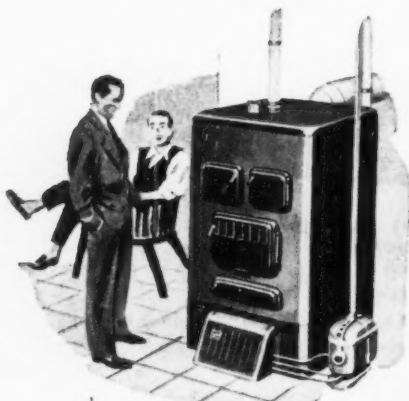
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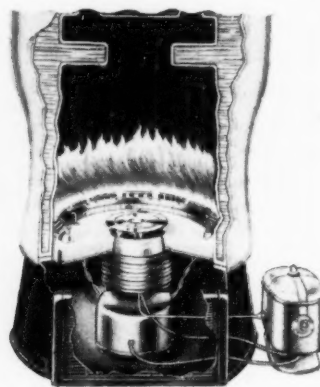
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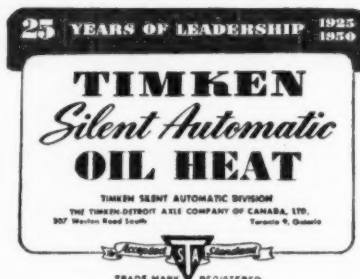
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## PARADE

### THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

**A** SCOUT in Yorkton, Sask., reports a sad domestic impasse. The area has one of those war-time housing developments where priorities go to veterans with children. Well, this fellow was a veteran all right, and though he and his wife had no children they had hopes when they put their name on the housing waiting list three years ago. Their name finally reached the top, but still no children of their own. Determined in their desire to have both a family and a place to live they applied to adopt a child. Catch is the adoption agency won't okay them because they don't have a suitable home.

This is positively the first time Parade has ever recorded a flagrant case of train-wreck stealing (and in broad daylight). Witness a bitter letter of complaint to the editor of the Calgary Herald:

What's the big idea? Is Brooks trying to erase Bassano from the map? They sure took the opportunity from this train wreck recently. All took place so near Brooks, so they say, when they knew very well that it took place closer to Bassano.

Everything was Brooks this and Brooks that. Why not give Bassano a chance to get in the news, and stop Brooks from bragging so much? Not very many people were happy to see the papers giving Brooks all the publicity, especially at this train wreck. (signed) BASSANOITE, Bassano, Alberta.

Those amateur fisticufflers, Edmonton and Calgary, can climb out of the

another part. Neither replacement did the trick, and doctor, wife and garageman were all three about to give it up as a bad job when the darn thing started for no explainable reason.

"Say—" called the rural mechanic after them, as the couple started happily on their way. "I'd sure appreciate it, doc, if you'd drop me a card and let me know if you ever find out what the trouble was."

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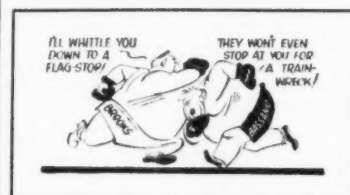
The shoe clerk in the little New Brunswick town and his customer, an elderly woman, were debating the relative appeal of two pairs of shoes—



the expensive pair which fitted perfectly and the bargain-priced footwear not quite as comfortable. She finally decided on the cheaper buy and turning chattily to a waiting customer, a complete stranger, explained, "You know I'm going to have an operation and if I don't pull through I don't want to leave an expensive pair of shoes behind me."

• • •

It was some kind of children's day in the United Church in an Alberta town. Not only was the minister in the pulpit and his wife in her usual place in the choir, but their youngest son was sitting right up in the front row with his Sunday-school class. As the pastor began his special sermon for the juvenile audience the children seemed receptive enough—all but Junior. After staring up at his father in plainly bored fashion for a few minutes he was seen to whisper to the lad next him. As mother watched with growing misgiving from the choir loft the whisper was passed from boy to boy along the row until it reached the last youngster, who promptly slid along to fill the one vacant space at the end of the pew. All the other lads promptly slid over, too, until the empty space had in effect been passed right down to the other end next to the minister's son, whereupon he lay down, pulled up his feet and went off to sleep.



ring: the main event is about to begin between Brooks, weighing in at a population of 2,000, and Bassano, at 602.

• • •

A Western Ontario doctor and his wife had a breakdown while driving on No. 5 Highway recently but were consoled somewhat that the engine's last sputter brought them to a small garage. The proprietor worked with passionate zeal, even drove in to Paris for a replacement part—and when that failed drove to Brantford for

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.





Young Bill Slater, a part-time student in a special training program conducted by his local school system, is also learning to be an expert millwright under his father's eye in the Studebaker shops.

## There's nobody like a boy's own father to school him in Studebaker craftsmanship

**Y**OU START NOTICING how smoothly your car does everything, the very first few days you're a Studebaker owner.

You're so pleased, you speak to everyone you know about it. Every mile brings you further proof that the right kind of people must have built your car.

The right kind of people did. People, for example, such as the Slaters above pictured—folks solid and wholesome as your best friends and neighbors.

Their sense of responsibility does something out of the ordinary for every Studebaker—some-

thing that keeps it running smoothly without serious mechanical or structural trouble for no end of time.

The automotive world calls this special something—Studebaker craftsmanship. But it's more than precision and deftness. It's an attitude of mind. It's pride.

It's young Bill Slater eagerly putting in three years of apprenticeship under his father's guidance. It's dozens of other such youngsters—each one determined to earn the right to say, "I build Studebakers."

Studebaker's really rolling today as never be-

fore in its 98-year history. The conscientious men who man the shops and assembly lines have much to do with this progress. They add new luster to Studebaker's reputation, hour by hour.

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